

NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Haywood Trial. — "States' Rights" Question Again.

The final speech of the prosecution in the Haywood case was made by Senator Horah on July 26. He used only the evidence of the witnesses for the defense, and made a masterly effort to show that Harry Orchard was merely used as a tool by the officers of the Federation of Miners. The defense seems to be beaten on every hand. The case went to the jury last Saturday.

On Sunday morning, July 28th, William D. Haywood walked forth from the trial at Boise, a free man. After twenty-one hours deliberation, the jury acquitted him of the charge of complicity in the murder of Gov. Steunenberg of Idaho. The verdict was rendered in spite of the strongest evidence against the accused. Even Haywood's counsel was completely surprised at the decision. The prosecuting attorneys feel that there is little possibility of justice being rendered in Boise. It was at first rumored that the state would give up the cases of Moyer and Pettibone after this reverse, but Gov. Gooding issued a statement declaring that the prosecution will not give up. But the better citizens are discouraged. The Federation of Miners are masters of the situation, and when they please to kill a governor and then force the court to acquit him, whose business is it? What with the Beckham-Hargis-Moody combine in Kentucky, and the Moyer-Pettibone-Haywood gang in Idaho, the country has a poor chance to keep its records clean.

The old question of "states' rights" is generally supposed to have been settled by the civil war, is being revived in the South. Recently the state of North Carolina passed a law fixing passenger and freight rates on the railroads during business in the state. The railroads refused to comply with the law, and carried the case into the federal court. The judge decided that the law is not just, and granted an injunction. But the governor of the state refused to recognize the court's decision, and prominent North Carolina people say that the case is to be carried to the Supreme Court and that Hon. William J. Bryan is to be chief counsel for the state against the federal court. The real question is only a technical one, of jurisdiction, and it is probable that the state has the right of it.

The attorneys for Caleb Powers who is on trial for his life at Georgetown, Ky., say they will carry the case to the United States Supreme Court if Powers is not acquitted. The appeal will be made on a writ of error with the hope that the pardon granted by William S. Taylor will be recognized as legal.

Decadence of Noses.

When I was a girl the aristocratic nose was high, beautifully molded, rising in a delicately waving ridge and at the tip standing well out from the face and not turned up. But now the fashion has completely changed. The pretty women one sees portrayed in illustrated papers and magazines very seldom have much to speak of in the way of noses.—The Throne.



REV. HENRY M. PENNIMAN.

Prof. Henry M. Penniman, whose portrait we present this week is one of the most popular men in Kentucky and has a large acquaintance outside the State. Just now he is spending his vacation time in work for The Citizen, and the benefit of the people in general, by enlarging our list of subscribers. Wherever Prof. Penniman goes he finds The Citizen well appreciated and has been securing from a dozen to forty new subscribers in a day.

Prof. Penniman was the son of a farmer in Massachusetts, and once worked on the farm of the famous temperance orator, John B. Gough. He was a student at Brown University, the oldest Baptist Institution in America, and received from that venerable Institution a scholastic degree at the last Commencement. He also completed the theological course at Andover Seminary. He has had successful pastorates in New Hampshire, Iowa and Chicago, and for ten years has been identified with the work of Berea College.

Everywhere he goes people at once recognize him as a big-hearted, earnest, companionable man.

DR. COOK'S TRIP TO THE NORTH

Dr. and Mrs. Cook, with the baby Gerhard, leave August 1st, for a three weeks' visit with friends and relatives in the North. On August 4th Dr. Cook preaches in his first parish in Algonquin, Illinois, where he was pastor in 1890 and 1891. On August 11th he preaches in the First Congregational church of Chicago. This is one of the oldest and largest churches in the city. It was organized before the civil war by members of another church who were opposed to slavery and could not feel comfortable in a church which countenanced that great evil. This church has been for half a century a leader and mother to many other churches there being over seventy Congregational churches in Chicago now that have been born and grown up since the "desecrated First" was founded. In Cook's sermon there, in the morning will be on "Annual Religion and God-Religion" and in the evening on "Forgiving One Another."

On August 18th Dr. Cook preaches in the Leavitt St. Congregational church, one of the strong children of the "First." There will be only the morning service there and the sermon will be on "What must I believe or what can I believe?"

Mr. Luther Shadoin will have charge of the Citizen office in Dr. Cook's absence.

Mixed His Quaker.

Former Representative Charles T. Cherry was telling some men at Springfield the other day of a baggage man in an Illinois town to which a number of influential Quakers were coming. The baggage man conceived the idea that if the visitors thought he, too, was a Quaker business might be helped thereby. Consequently, upon the arrival of the delegation at the station the leader was greeted by the baggage man, who solicitously asked, "Has thou the checks for thou baggage?" And yet he wondered why the Quakers smiled.

THE PACIFIC GARDEN MISSION

By Rev. A. E. Thomson, D. D.

On Van Buren street, Chicago, a couple of blocks east of the great La Salle street Ry. station, used to be a saloon called The Pacific Garden. About the year 1876 Col. George Clark, a prosperous business man of Chicago, had his eyes opened to the lost humanity of that great city, gave up his money making, hired the ground floor of this building and established a roomy mission there, keeping the old name and calling the place The Pacific Garden Mission. It is open every night in the week, and on Sunday for day meetings, and there has not been a night since the mission was opened that lost men have not been seeking salvation there. It is a roomy mission for men. Few women are seen there except workers and visitors. It lies outside the best business section of Chicago, near the ruins of South Clark street. I plan, whenever possible, to spend an evening there. Col. Clark went to his reward some years ago, and the work is now carried on by Harry Monroe, one of the converts of Col. Clark's labors, assisted by Mrs. Clark, who is always present. The room is dimly, with none of the ordinary attractions of a place of worship, except the scripture texts on the wall, the pulpit and cabinet organ and a life-size picture of Col. Clark. It is in one of the noisiest parts of the city, and the company that gathers is very likely to contain some so drunk that they have to be put out. I talked with one man so drunk that I could with difficulty keep him quiet during prayer, or when instructions were being given to the enquirers.

On the night of Friday, July 12, having left Berea in the morning, I reached the mission after the service had opened, and took a seat in the rear. The room was hardly half full. Lost souls do not flock to the place of salvation there any more than elsewhere. A man not connected with the Mission was preaching. After he had finished, Harry Monroe called for testimonies from Christians. One man, well dressed, with intelligent face, told of his slavery to drink. At the time of his conversion he had not been sober for three years. He was in Grand Rapids, Mich., and went on a bridge, determined to end his life in the river. The face of his baby that he had not seen for those three years came up before him. He went away, but came back, bent on suicide. This time a policeman was standing on the bridge. Again he went away for a time, but when he returned the policeman was still there. Then he turned into a mission conducted by a Mr. Trotter, of whose noble work I have often heard, and was led to the Lord and saved. Now, his home re-established, his business prosperous, he loves to tell other lost men of his Savior. Another man, who I think was rescued in the Pacific Garden Mission, told his story, his salvation.

Others gave brief testimonies. The Harry Monroe called on those who wanted salvation to come forward. That gave a chance to those of us who sat in the rear or scattered thru the room, and who knew Christ, to help. Soon a number of men, seven, as nearly as I could see, were on their

THE HARVEST OF YOUTH.

A wise man sows that which will bring him the largest and best harvest. Manhood and womanhood are the harvest of the years of youth. What the boys and girls from fifteen to twenty years old shall do, will settle very largely the whole life afterwards.

If most of the people were blind or deaf, then we could readily see how much richer would be the lives of those who should be able to see and hear. They live in bigger worlds, they know more—they enjoy more—they can do more.

A good education gives a person new eyes and ears. He can see what the people around him cannot see. He can hear and understand what does not mean anything to others. He is trained so that he can do a great many things that other people cannot do. His life is larger, richer, more useful to others and more enjoyable for himself.

Isn't it worth some extra work for the father and mother to be helping their children to a grand, noble life, by sending them off to College? The seed sown on the farm among the hills may bring a large harvest or a small one. It depends a good deal on the weather. The seed sown in the lives of children who get a good education is sure to bring a big harvest in all the later years. Now is the time to sow it when the children want to go to College. When they get a little older they will not care to go, and if they did go it would not do them so much good. When the boy or girl is young the soil is good and the seed of knowledge will bring great crops. When the children get older the ground is harder and more barren.

Young people, if you want the best harvest in the world spend your early years in getting a Christian College Education.

knees in front of the pulpit, each with a worker by his side, and each man seemed to take the promise of Christ for his salvation.

Of course not all hold out, but that is true of converts everywhere. But if any one doubts the power of the Gospel and the reality of the grace of God, let him go to that mission. It is not a place of noise, save as the street cars and the elevated railway sometimes drown the voice of the speaker, but it is a place of downright earnestness in seeking lost men, and hundreds, once ruined by drink and all the vices which go with it, look back gratefully to the Pacific Garden Mission and its faithful workers.

A. E. Thomson.

TWENTY-ONE DOLLARS AND FIVE CENTS

This is the amount you should have to start with at the opening of the fall term, Sept. 11. It covers dollar deposit, incidental fee, room-rent, and all school expenses for the fall term of fourteen weeks except the deferred payment on board, due at the middle of the term, which amounts to \$9.45. At end of term, when you leave, you get back your dollar deposit, so that the fourteen weeks of schooling cost only \$29.50. If you pay in full the first day it is only \$29.00.

Besides this you are paid for what work you do for the institution. Suppose this was only five cents an hour for seven hours a week, it would amount to \$3.50, leaving the cash outlay for the fourteen weeks only \$24.10. Surely this is "cheaper than staying at home."

Nobody need stay at home, or attend any school except the best, when the best is in reach of all. Save up that \$21.05!

GREAT NAMES IN DIRECTORY.

Many Namesakes or Famous Lights of Literature.

A study of the new London Directory, which this year scales 13 pounds, is extremely interesting. In the case of literature, we are accustomed to regard the names of great authors as ending with them; yet the greatest of English writers has several namesakes scattered over London. William Shakespeare, professor of singing, at most alone carries on the artistic tradition of the name; but there is something quite Elizabethan in the address, "Green Lanes," appertaining to Henry Shakespeare, a grocer. John Bunyan is another grocer, in what Londoners will describe as "the" Edgware road. William Blake is a beer retailer, a craft that is far removed from "songs of innocence." Chaucer is a name that seems to have absolutely dropped out. Milton, of course, is fairly common, although the only John Milton is a ship chandler and a chiropodist, neither of them poetic vocations. Keats occurs a few times, but there is no John Keats. Curiously enough, there is not a single Keble, but there is one Defoe. The name of Bronte is owned very appropriately by a woman, but she makes clothes instead of novels.

Good Advice.

Be slow in believing an intense man in his material cause.

CALEB POWERS' TRIAL

Protests Against Special Judge Robbins.—Hargis May Be Tried Again.—Grinstead Nominated for Mayor of Louisville.

The lawyers for Caleb Powers in the coming trial at Georgetown will protest against special Judge Robbins on the ground that Robbins showed prejudice in favor of the prosecution in the former trials.

It is yet possible that Jim Hargis may be tried again for the murder of Dr. Cox. S. S. Taulbee, county judge of Breathitt county, announces that an effort will be made to secure another trial on the ground that when the prosecution withdrew a case cannot be dismissed, but must be held over till the prosecution is in attendance. Lawyers have found a similar case in the judicial records of the state of Massachusetts.

Judge Taulbee says that the people of Breathitt are disgusted with the outcome of the trial at Sandy Hook. For more than a year after the murder of Dr. Cox, no new houses were built in the town of Jackson because the people were afraid of the lawless element that reigned at that time.

The Republican convention nominated J. F. Grinstead for mayor of Louisville by acclamation. G. W. Smith, who was the strongest competitor of Grinstead before the convention met, urges every member of the party to support the ticket. The whole ticket is practically the same as it was in the last election.

STARS ON COINS AND FLAG.

Little Heraldry Lore Shown in the Five and Six Points.

The stars on the great seal and the seal of the president of the United States are five-pointed, while on the seal of the house of representatives they are six-pointed. The 13 stars on the obverse of the present half and quarter dollar are five-pointed. The reverse of the present half and quarter dollar is a copy of the great seal, except that the clouds are omitted. It is evident that heraldry has not taken a very strong hold in these matters in the United States, therefore it is not in the power of anyone to say without a doubt why the difference in the stars on the flag and the coins. So far as is known, with the exception of the reverse of the present half and quarter dollar, the stars on American coins are copied from the colonial coins, which were, no doubt, made after the manner of English heraldry, while the flag was made up after the design of Washington's coat-of-arms, containing three five-pointed stars.

What Ailed Him.

The village philosopher looked unhappy. "What's the trouble?" asked the village out-up. "Indigestion," said the philosopher. "I suppose it's the mince pie I indulged in last night." "Mince pie nothing! I know what's the matter with you and I'm not sorry it hurts, either. You're too full of old saws, you are, and it's no wonder they have turned on you at last."

THINGS TO THINK OF

Wise and Striking Words of the World's Greatest Thinkers, Speakers and Writers.

Nor love thy life nor hate, but what thou livest, live well.—John Milton.

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beaumont.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—Thomas Carlyle.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave, There are souls that are pure and true;

Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

He that does good for good's sake seeks neither praise nor reward, the sure of both at last.—William Penn.

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare. Talk happiness. The world is and enough

Without your woe. No path is wholly rough. Look for the places that are smooth and clear,

And speak of them to rest the weary ear Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain

Of mortal discontent and grief and pain. —Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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NOTE THE DAY!

The Fall Term of Berea College Begins Sept. 11. The time to start is in the Fall.

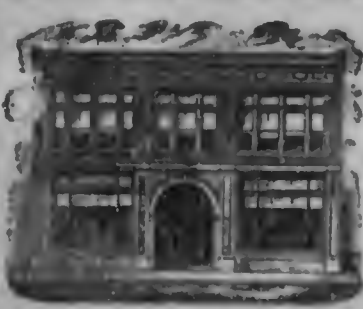
The Voice of the Small Boy.
Me for the blackberry jam!

Importance of To-Day.

Do you rightly estimate the importance of to-day? That there are duties to be done to-day which cannot be done to-morrow? This it is that throws so solemn significance into your work. The time for working is short, therefore begin to-day, for the night is coming, in which no man can work.—F. W. Robertson.

Laughter the Best Tonic.

Laughter is a good, healthy, musclemaking, lung-developing exercise, and it is as good for girls as boys. And humor can be cultivated in a girl's mind without any abatement of the dignity and modesty and charm of her womanhood. Not the unpleasant and constant frivolity evidenced in "smart" speech or quickness of repartee, but the humor that looks at the world with a twinkle in the eye and sees its absurdities, its smallness and its fun, says a writer. It should be part of every woman's mental equipment, for women are called upon to bear so many of life's small worries as well as its greater ones. The bringing up of children, the care of servants, and the many social duties that become a burden, are all made easy and possible to put up with by the woman with an unfailing sense of humor and of the bright side of life.



The Safety of a Bank

There are two things upon which the safety of every bank depends, and upon which it is always safe to base a judgment regarding its soundness.

The first thing to look at is the size of the bank's Capital—the amount of its own money which it has invested to guarantee the safety of your deposits.

The second thing to look at is the character, integrity and business ability of the officers of the bank.

If the bank's Capital Stock is adequate, and if its affairs are managed by honest, capable men then the bank is safe beyond the question of any doubt.

The Capital stock of the Berea Bank and Trust Company is \$50,000, our Surplus and Profits amount to \$10,000, and the Liability of our Stockholders under the laws of Kentucky is \$50,000 more, a total of \$110,000.

You know our officers and directors—here they are:

J. J. Moore, Pres.
W. H. Porter, Cashier
P. Cornellius

J. W. Herndon
Chas. Burdette
A. W. Stewart

E. T. Fish
J. E. Johnson
J. W. Dinsmore

BEREA BANK & TRUST CO.
THE SAFE BANK.

NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Any person who takes the paper regularly from the post office, whether directed to his name or whether he is a subscriber or not, is responsible for the pay. The carrier has decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of "THE MAIN CHANCE," "ZELDA DAMEON," Etc.

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CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

The piano pounding continued and I waited for what seemed an interminable time. It was growing dark and a mild breeze from the west brought a book from the table. It was "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" and Marian Devereux was written on the fly leaf, by unmistakably the same hand that had penned the apology for Olivia's performances. I saw in the clear, flowing lines of the signature, in their lack of superfluity, her own ease, grace and charm; and, in the deeper stroke with which the "x" was crossed, I felt a challenge, a readiness to abide by consequences once her word was given. Then my own inclination to think well of her angered me, and I dropped the book impatiently as she crossed the threshold.

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Glenarm. But this is my busy hour."

"I shall not detain you long, I came,"—I hesitated, not knowing why I had come.

She took a chair near the open door and bent forward with an air of attention that was disquieting. She wore black—perhaps to fit her better into the house of a somber Sisterhood. I seemed suddenly to remember her from a time long gone, and the effort of memory threw me off guard. Stoddard had said there were several Olivia Armstrongs; there were certainly many Marian Devereuxs. The silence grew intolerable; she was waiting for me to speak, and I blurted:

"I suppose you have come to take charge of the property."

"Do you?" she asked.

"And you came back with the executor to facilitate matters. I'm glad to see that you lose no time."

"Oh!" she said lingeringly, as though she were finding with difficulty the note in which I wished to pitch the conversation. Her calmness was madening.

"I suppose you thought it unwise to wait for the bluebird when you had beguiled me into breaking a promise, when I was trapped, defeated."

Her elbow on the arm of the chair, her hand resting against her cheek, the light rippling goldenly in her hair, her eyes bent upon me inquiringly, mournfully,—mournfully, as I had seen them—where?—once before! My heart leaped at that moment, with that thought.

"I remember now the first time," I said, more angry than I had ever been before in my life.

"That is quite remarkable," she said, and nodded her head ironically.

"It was at Sherry's; you were with Pickering—you dropped your fan and he picked it up, and you turned toward me for a moment. You were in black that night; it was the unhappiness in your face, in your eyes, that made me remember."

I was intent upon the recollection, eager to fix and establish it.

"You are quite right. It was at Sherry's. I was wearing black then; many things made me unhappy that night."

Her forehead contracted slightly and she pressed her lips together.

"I suppose that even then the conspiracy was thoroughly arranged," I said tauntingly, laughing a little perhaps, in my brutal impulse to wound her, to take vengeance upon her.

She rose and stood by her chair, one hand resting upon it. I faced her; her eyes were like violet seas. She spoke very quietly.

"Mr. Glenarm, has it occurred to you that when I talked to you there in the park, when I risked unpleasant gossip in receiving you in a house where you had no possible right to be, that I was counting upon something,—foolishly and stupidly,—yet counting upon it?"

"You probably thought I was a fool," I retorted.

"No,"—she smiled slightly. "I thought—I believe I have said this to you before!—that you were a gentleman. I really did, Mr. Glenarm. I must say it to justify myself. I relied upon your chivalry—I even thought, when I played being Olivia,—that you had a sense of humor. But you are not the one and you haven't the other. I even went so far, after you knew perfectly well who I was, to try to help you—to encourage you to prove yourself the man your grandfather wished you to be. And now you come to me in a shocking bad humor—I really think you would like to be insulting, Mr. Glenarm, if you could."

"But Pickering,—you came back with him; he is here and he is going to stay! And now that the property belongs to you, there is not the slightest reason why we should make any pretense of anything but enmity. When you and Arthur Pickering stand together I take the other side of the barricade! I suppose chivalry would require me to vacate, so that you may enjoy at once the spoils of war," I stormed with growing heat.

"I fancy it would not be very difficult to eliminate you as a factor in the situation," she remarked icily.

"And I suppose, after the unsuccessful

ful efforts of Mr. Pickering's allies to assassinate me, as a mild form of elimination, one would naturally expect me to sit calmly down and wait to be shot in the back. But you may tell Mr. Pickering that I throw myself upon your mercy. I have no other home than this shell over the way, and I beg to be allowed to remain until—at least—the bluebirds come."

"I quite sympathize with your reluctance to deliver the message yourself," she said. "Is this all you came to say?"

"I came to tell you that you could have the house, and everything in its hideous walls," I snapped; "to tell you that my chivalry is enough for some situations and that I don't intend to fight a woman. I had accepted your own renunciation of the legacy in good part, but now, please believe me, it shall be yours to-morrow. I'll yield possession to you whenever you ask it,—but never to Arthur Pickering! As against him and his treasure-hunters and assassins I will hold out for a dozen years!"

"Nobly spoken, Mr. Glenarm! Yours is really an admirable, though somewhat complex character."

"My character is my own, whatever it is," I blurted.

"I shouldn't call that a debatable proposition," she replied, and I was angry to find how the mirth I had loved in her could suddenly become so hateful. She half-turned away so that I might not see her face. The thought that she should countenance Pickering in any way tore me with jealous rage.

"Mr. Glenarm, you are what I have heard called a quitter, defined in com-



"I Quite Sympathize With Your Reluctance to Deliver the Message Yourself," She Said.

mon American as one who quits! Your blustering can hardly conceal the fact of your failures. I had hoped you would really be of some help to Sister Theresa, and incidentally to me, but we both sadly misjudged you."

Her tone, changing from amused indifference to sovereign disdain, stung me into self-pity for my stupidity in having sought her. My anger was not against her, but against Pickering, who had, I persuaded myself, always blocked my path. She went on.

"Mr. Pickering is decidedly more than a match for you, Mr. Glenarm,—even in humor."

She drew herself up with tragic scorn in every line of her figure, then relaxed, laughed and was Olivia again; and as I watched her,—wondering, perplexed, chagrined,—she turned swiftly away and ran—I am sure she ran—from the room.

She left me so quickly, so softly, that I stood staring like a fool at the spot where she had been, and then I went gloomily back to Glenarm House, angry, ashamed and crestfallen.

While we were waiting for dinner I made a clean breast of my acquaintance with her to Larry, omitting nothing,—rejoicing even to paint my own conduct as black as possible.

"You may remember her," I concluded,—she was the girl we saw at Sherry's that night we dined there. She was with Pickering, and you noticed her,—spoke of her, as she went out."

"That little girl who seemed so bored, or tired or sick? Bless me, why her eyes haunted me for days. Lord, man, do you mean to say—"

A look of utter scorn came into his face, and he eyed me contemptuously.

"Of course I mean it!" I thundered at him.

He took the pipe from his mouth, pressed the tobacco viciously into the bowl, and swore steadily in Gaelic until I was ready to choke him.

"Stop!" I bawled. "Do you think that's helping me? And to have you curse in your blackguardly Irish dialect! I wanted a little Anglo-Saxon sympathy, you fool! I didn't mean for you to invoke your infamous gods against the girl!"

"Don't be violent, lad. Violence is reprehensible," he admonished with maddening sweetness and patience. "What I was trying to intimate very mildly was the fact, borne in upon me through years of acquaintance, that

you are,—to be bold, my lad, to be bold,—a good deal of a damned fool."

The trilling of his r's was like the whirling rise of a covey of quail.

"Dinner is served," announced Bates, and Larry led the way, mockingly chanting an Irish love-song.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Door of Bewilderment.

We had established the practice of barring all the gates and doors at nightfall. There was no way of getting against an attack from the lake, whose frozen surface increased the danger from without; but we counted on our night patrol to prevent a surprise from that quarter. I was well aware that I must prepare to resist the militant arm of the law, which Pickering would no doubt invoke to aid him, but I intended to exhaust the possibilities in searching for the lost treasure before I yielded. Pickering might, if he would, transfer the estate of John Marshall Glenarm to Marian Devereux and make the most he could of that service, but he should not drive me forth until I had satisfied myself of the exact character of my grandfather's fortune.

The phrase, "The Door of Bewilderment," had never ceased to reverberate itself in my mind; there was a certain fascination and charm in it. We discussed a thousand explanations of it as we pondered over the scrap of paper I had found in the library, and every book in the house was examined in the search for further clues.

The passage between the house and the chapel seemed to fascinate Larry. He held that it must have some par-

ticular use and he devoted his time to exploring it.

He came up at noon—it was the 29th of December—with grimy face and hands and a grin on his face. I had spent my morning in the towers to no purpose and was in no mood for the ready acceptance of new theories.

"I've found something," he said, flitting his pipe.

"Not soap, evidently!"

"No, but I'm going to say the last word on the tunnel, and within an hour. Give me a glass of beer and a piece of bread, and we'll go back and see whether we're sold again or not."

"Go ahead and let us be done with it. Wait till I tell Stoddard where we're going."

The chaplain was trying the second floor walls, and I asked him to eat some luncheon and stand guard while Larry and I went to the tunnel.

We took with us an iron bar, an ax and a couple of hammers. Larry went ahead with a lantern.

"You see," he explained, as we dropped through the trap into the passage, "I've tried a compass on this tunnel and find that we've been working on the wrong theory. The passage itself runs a straight line from the house under the gate to the crypt; the ravine is a rough crescent-shape and for a short distance the tunnel touches it. How deep does that ravine average—about 30 feet?"

"Yes; it's a shallowest where the house stands. It drops sharply from there on to the lake."

"Very good; but the ravine is all on the Glenarm side of the wall, isn't it? Now when we get under the wall I'll show you something."

"Here we are," said Larry, as the cold air blew in through the hollow posts. "Now we're pretty near that sharp curve of the ravine that dips away from the wall. Take the lantern while I get out the compass. What do you think that C on the piece of paper means? Why, chapel, of course. I have measured the distance from the house, the point of departure, we may assume, to the chapel, and three-fourths of it brings us under those beautiful posts. The directions are as plain as daylight. The passage itself is your N. W., as the compass proves, and the ravine cuts close to here; therefore, our business is to explore the wall on the ravine side."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SIN OF NADAB AND ABIHU

Sunday School Lesson for Aug. 11, 1907

Specially Prepared for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Lev. 10:1-11. Memory Verse 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20:1.

TIME.—April 12, B. C. 1490 (common chronology), on the afternoon (Lev. 10:12, 13) of the first day that the priests entered upon the regular sacrifices of the tabernacle (Lev. 8:33, 34), eight days after the completion of the tabernacle, our last lesson. Nearly a year after the exodus. PLACE.—In the tabernacle near Sinai.

Comment and Suggestive Thought.

The Situation.—Everything was nearly prepared for the onward march toward the promised land. There had been nearly a year of instruction and training in the wilderness experiences and at Sinai. The tabernacle had been set up on the first day of the first month. The priests had been prepared and trained in their duty of leading the people in true worship. In 40 days, the 20th of the second month, they were to break up their long encampment and begin their journey (Ex. 40:17; Lev. 9:1; Num. 10:11-13).

The moral law had been given. The ritual law had been announced and taught. The divine fire shone over the Holy of Holies, like the sun,—light, peace, comfort, brightness, beauty, life to those who use it aright, but a consuming fire to those who despise and misuse its power. The divine fire had kindled the fuel on the altar, a perpetual flame (Lev. 6:13) "to be continually fed with the fuel especially provided by the congregation, and with the daily burnt offerings."

"Tradition assures us that it never was quenched till the destruction of the temple by Nebuchadnezzar."—Dr. Ginsburg. The ceremonial of religion as appointed by God, to continue as the best method of worship and religious education of the people, was begun.

V. 1. "Nadab and Abihu, the Sons of Aaron" (Ex. 6:23). Just inducted into the exalted office of priests, next to their father, the high priest, in the line of succession to the highest office of religious leadership and influence in the nation. A glorious opportunity was before them.

They had passed through three great portals of usefulness and happiness. (1) Their parentage was a true advantage. Moses was their uncle. Their exalted family had given them great privilege of association with the best in the nation. (2) Their education was remarkable. They had spent a year in God's wilderness training school, receiving the lessons of the riven rock, the quails, the manna, the law written on the tables of stone. Moreover, they had had the exalted privilege of beholding with their own eyes the glory of God upon the holy mount (Ex. 24:1, 9, 10).

(3) They had passed through the portal of a glorious calling. They had been dedicated to a sacred and most honorable trust. They wore the garments that separated them, in the eyes of all men, to the priest's life of holiness and obedience. Before each of them was even the thrilling possibility of becoming high priest some day.

Their sin was a direct, public, inexcusable disobedience to their God and leader. It partook of the nature of treason. They doubtless did it thoughtlessly, but there are occasions when thoughtlessness is a crime.

The Necessity of the Punishment. It was the same as the necessity for all punishment.—In its justice, in its measurement of the evil of the sin, and its prevention of crime. No government of imperfect people can exist or does exist without it. "As has just been pointed out, the ritual system had been inaugurated on that very day. All was new and strange, easily dislodged, deprecated, or corrupted, and therefore needing special guarding. The bud needs, and has protection from rough husks, which the flower can do without. This swift death of offenders against the new order has its parallel in the swift death of Ananias and Sapphira, which is to be vindicated on similar grounds. There, too, the necessity was stringent for instant removal of a springing root of bitterness, by which many might be defiled, and for saving the young life of the community from disease, which, unchecked, might infect its whole future.

One Cause of the Tragedy.—Vs. 9-11. 9. "Do not drink wine nor strong drink." The nearness of this injunction to the story of Nadab and Abihu implies that their sin was due, partly, if not wholly, to intoxication. "The Palestinian Chaldees add here, 'as they sons did who died by burning fire.'"

—Ginsburg. "When ye go into the tabernacle."

The reasons given for this prohibition are two: (1) The tendency of wine drinking is to obscure the (v. 10) "difference between holy and unholy" or common; and (2) they would be better prepared to (v. 11) "teach . . . all the statutes."

Practical Points. Disobedience to God's laws is the road to death, whether it be disobedience to his moral laws or to the laws of health and right use of our bodies.

Even the moderate use of strong drink shortens the life in years, and shortens it still more in its effective power.

Alcohol is dangerous, not only by reason of the injuries it causes to the nervous system, but above all by the denutrition that it produces in an organism which indulges in it to excess.

—Dr. Lancereaux, Academy of Medicine, France.



TRELLIS FOR GARDEN CROPS.

Is Easily Constructed and Provides Ample Support for Plants.

After using bean poles, slat frames, and wooden trellises of one kind or another for years, until the supply of poles was exhausted and prices for wooden frames became prohibitive, I began using a combined wire and string trellis, such as is shown by the drawing, says a writer in Farming. This arrangement serves equally as well for either beans, tomatoes, peas, cucumbers (under glass), or other climbing plants, being especially desirable for sweet peas, nasturtiums, fancy gourds, etc. It is desirable, too, because all of the material used in its construction, with the exception of the string, may be used year after year.

Those who have never trellised up their tomatoes, either for home use or for a select market supply, do not realize what a very considerable gain in yield and quality is secured by this method. I do not hesitate to say that under ordinary conditions I have been able to more than double the yield, and in some cases triple the marketable product, over the hush method, to say nothing of the increase in quality, which invariably accrues for the grower the top of the market, it being possible to secure an earlier and more even ripening and greater uniformity in the size of the fruit; all of which are desirable factors in gardening for profit.

In tying up, many of the blossoms of the plant may be cut out, giving the main vine more strength and allowing the sun reader access to the fruit to hasten ripening. Trellised fruit is always bright and clean, and almost exempt from blight and rot. In planting tomatoes for trellising the plants are set at less than half the distance usual when grown in the ordinary way.

This trellis may be made to cover almost any length of row, the longer the "run" the stronger the end posts and the "dead-man" or guy post will need to be. The end posts should be solid and about nine feet long, so they may be set two and a half or three

feet in the ground, or even deeper, depending on length of row, with at least six feet above ground—this height applies especially to the tall growing lima and string beans. It is best to sharpen and drive the post, but if set in hole tamped firmly, and plant a dead-man eight or ten feet from post in line of row. This may be a large stone or chunk of wood, buried deep enough to hold the strain. The dead-man and top post are connected by two doubled strands of heavy wire, that may be twisted with a stick in the center to take up any slack remaining after wires are stretched and remedy any sag from strain after vines grow heavy.

Stretch the bottom wires first, ten to 14 inches from the ground, and securely fasten. Next stretch the top wire five and a half to six feet from ground, taking extra care to have it as taut as it can be made. Drive stakes or strips one by two inches firmly in the ground along the line of wire every twenty to thirty feet and staple both top and bottom wires to them. These serve to support the weight of crop and hold the trellis against winds.

Just before the vines are ready for the first tying put on the string, or trellis proper. I prefer some soft string, such as wool twine, which affords the tendrils of the plant a firm hold beside being cheap. The distance that these strings are spaced apart at top and bottom will depend on the crop to be trellised; ten to twelve inches for beans, when planted in drills and 15 to 20 inches for tomatoes, for which a heavier twine should be used. In passing over the wire the twine must be knotted to make it cling to one place, else the first gust of wind will blow it into bunches and so make it worthless. The knot that I use is simple, after one gets the "hang" of the twist. Pass the twine up over the wire, carry the ball over the opposite side and down, then up and over both the wire and the string just laid over, then down and through the loop left large enough for the purpose and draw taut, when you will have a simple crossed knot on top, not under the wire, that will depend for its security on the tautness of the string. The same sort of knot is made at bottom, except that the movement is reversed. Since I have had considerable trouble caused by the slipping of the string as a result of careless workmen, I suggest that enough pains be taken with this part of the work to insure the permanency of the twine when once placed. If you will try one of these easily made trellises you will find that the satisfaction and ease with which you are able to gather the crop will more than pay for the trouble and slight expense in putting it up.

Combined Wire and String Trellis.

The Sieve Bottom Aids in Getting Rid of Dirt From Roots.

Make an opening in the bottom of a grocery box, writes a subscriber to Farm Journal, and cover it with the stout wire screening used for cellar windows, having about a half-inch mesh. Nail on two handles made

from old hoops, that will swing down out of the way at the ends. Use this box when gathering vegetables from the garden and wash these by immersing in a tub of water or by pouring water over them.

Care in Feeding. If the hogs are in a dry pen, start in by feeding them a little green clover at once. As soon as the corn is hip high, give them a little of it to eat. It may not add a single ounce of flesh to their carcasses, but it will accustom them to eating it so they can be fed a great deal of green corn when it becomes large enough. The one great mistake in feeding green corn is that the change from dry feed to it is made too quickly. Its starting in gradually now with corn and green clover, this rapid change can be avoided.

Spray. Do not forget to attend religiously to the spraying. The air and soil are filled with all kinds of insects and fruit disease germs and the only way the grower can combat these diseases is by the use of the spray pump.

HEADS OF APPLE TREES.

Locality Has Much to Do with Style of Growth.

Whether the heads of apple trees should be compact or sparsely formed depends to some extent on the locality in which the trees are grown. There are lands of sunshine and there are lands of cloudy skies. In the states where much cloudy weather exists during the growing season it is necessary for the trees to catch as much sunshine as possible, for the ripening of the fruit and especially for its coloring. In some of the states it is advisable to prune severely and thin out the branches to make it possible for the sun to get at the fruit. That condition is true of parts of New England and parts of the Pacific states toward the northwest. Even in the eastern part of the United States it pays to keep the heads of apple trees fairly well thinned out.

As we go west toward the Rocky mountains the conditions change in favor of the dense and compact heads. The sun shines eternally during the day time in several of the states west of the Missouri. The heat injures the fruit where it pours upon it unobstructed, and the sunlight is so abundant that it cooks up the fruit with little or no trimming of the limbs.

The question of high and low heads is generally settled in favor of low heads, especially in the western states, where the wind blows with great force. The low heads protect the fruit from being switched off and where the trees are close together the wind that blows upon an orchard is deflected upward by the thick, low heads, while if the heads are high it passes under the trees and through them to a great extent. This greatly increases the danger of the trees being broken by the wind.

There was a time when the whole sentiment was in favor of high headed trees, says Farmers' Review. The farmers wanted enough room under the trees so they could plow about them and drive about them easily with the farm team and with the farm implements. For several generations, therefore, the farmers planted their trees so they could use the ground for gardening. Those that remember the old New England orchards remember the tall-trunked trees, some of them so long that a good sized ladder was required to reach the first limbs. There was no danger of the horses hitting their heads when they plowed about them.

But few of those orchards are seen now. They passed away with the coming of a more intensive agriculture. Science pronounced them too expensive in the way of time required for harvesting their fruit. The High Top Sweeting that bore apples at a long distance from the ground no longer has to be climbed and shaken to get the fruit. It is no more, but in its place stands a tree with head close to the ground and with a trunk so short that there is not room enough between it and the ground to do any climbing.

The modern mathematician has figured out that the low-headed tree costs far less to care for and gives as good general results, though its fruit may not be so highly colored. It is easy to trim, for the trimmer can reach about all the limbs from the ground. It is easy to spray, and less spraying material is thrown away than in the case of the taller tree. It costs little to gather its fruit, and the fruit is less bruised when gathered.

GOOD VEGETABLE BOX.

The Sieve Bottom Aids in Getting Rid of Dirt From Roots.

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Spray. Do not forget to attend religiously to the spraying. The air and soil are filled with all kinds of insects and fruit disease germs and the only way the grower can combat these diseases is by the use of the spray pump.

Box With Screen Bottom.

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Box With Screen Bottom.

It Makes You Warm

To go into a drug store and have the clerk insist on your taking something "JUST AS GOOD" as what you asked for—don't blame you. That's why we carry such a tremendous stock, just to have what you want. If we do not have what you want we are always glad to get it for you. The one thing that we do not have is the thing "JUST AS GOOD." Don't Believe in It!

The Porter Drug Co.

(INCORPORATED)

Berea and Vicinity.

GATHERED FROM A VARIETY OF SOURCES

Take Notice

A mass meeting of all Republicans in Berea, is called for 7 o'clock Saturday night August 3rd, in the public schoolhouse. The purpose is to form the party organization for the village and all Republicans are urged to be present.

A travelling tent show has this week carried off some of the money of our village, and left some foolish notions in heads that were not over-wise before.

Miss Nina King, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

Young Thomas Coyle was riding on Millipee street last week and allowed Fee Moran to climb up behind. The mule "acted up," and both boys have badly sprained arms.

The colored school begins its session next Monday. Prof. Crenshaw and his wife, Pattie Turner Crenshaw, have made this school so attractive that many pupils from outside the district are planning to attend. We hope every colored child within three miles of Berea will be there the first day.

The manufacturing interests of Berea are constantly growing. The canning factory which started last year is doing an increasing business; and now a large roller mill, and a spoke factory are going into operation. These industries will undoubtedly add much to the growth and prosperity of the town, and should receive the encouragement and patronage of the citizens.

Miss Martha Spurlock was the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. K. Hunt of Wallacetown, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Grace Cornelius, who has been visiting Mrs. G. T. Spencer at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., returned Saturday.

J. W. Herndon was in town Saturday on business.

Mrs. J. W. Stephens' niece, Miss White of Cincinnati, is making an extended visit with Mr. and Mrs. Stephens.

W. D. Logsdon's delivery wagon makes its rounds at 10:00 in the morning and 3:00 in the afternoon. Please get your orders in before the wagon leaves the store. Everybody's patronage solicited.

Houses and Gardens for Rent.
Call on G. D. Holliday at the Berea Bank and Trust Company.

SUMMER IS THE DULL SEASON IN BEREAS,

but Logsdon's Store is always hustling.

Here are some of the reasons:

Flour - - - - .50
Sugar - - - - 5½¢
Meal - - - - .75

Want all the blackberries I can get.

W. D. LOGSDON,
Cor. Main and Prospect Sts.

College Items

HERE AND THERE

John J. Lynch returned from Brooklyn, N. Y. Tuesday evening. He will be in the city for a few days. —Williamsburg Times.

Treas. Osborne has some very pleasant houses to rent for the fall term.

The College chapel is to be opened once this summer, on Sunday, Aug. 18, for morning and night sermons by Rev. Dr. Herget, the eloquent and earnest pastor of the great Ninth street Baptist church of Cincinnati. Every body should plan ahead so as to bear these two sermons.

President Frost preached to a large congregation at Mallory Springs last Sunday.

Prof. Dinmore lectured on Ten Kings of Training at Wallacetown last Saturday night.

Mrs. M. E. Matbeny, wife of Tut-atheus, well and lovingly remembered in Berea and throughout Eastern Kentucky, died on July 3rd at Casper, Wyoming, and her body was brought to Wilmot, Ohio, for burial on July 9th. Prof. Matbeny is head of the public schools at the growing city of Casper. He went there partly for his wife's health several years ago, and for some time she was much improved and assisted him in the work. He has the sympathy of a very wide circle of friends.

Prof. Wm. A. Cook, who comes to teach the Greek which has been taught for so many years by Prof. Dodge, is to arrive with his wife this week. We shall have to say Prof. Cook and Dr. pretty carefully to keep the professor of Greek and the professor of German and Political Science from getting "mixed." Prof. William Cook is a Master of Arts from Princeton University, a Presbyterian minister, graduate of the Seminary at Richmond, Virginia, and has done pastoral work in Mississippi and Missouri, and taught for seven years in Park College.

Miss Katherine Bowersox, who has been the guest of Prof. and Mrs. Rumold the past week, is to come to Berea at opening of the term as Dean of Women, and Instructor in the Normal Department. Miss Bowersox is a lady of unusual charm to young people and one of the most distinguished educators of Pennsylvania. Her last position has been as principal of the great government school for Indians at Carlisle. General Pratt introduced her to President Frost by saying, "Of all the women I know, she is the first I should think of for such a position as you wish to fill at Berea."

Prof. Mannix, so long the popular head of the public schools of Lancaster, Ky., comes to Berea as Professor of Mathematics in the Normal Department. He starts this week on a little tour to visit Berea teachers in their schools in Jackson and Owsley counties, accompanied by Mr. Carl Kirk.

The new catalog will be out next week, showing the names of more than 1250 students, including the colored persons who are assisted in attending other schools. There has been an increase in every department and an increase of students from nearly every county in Eastern Kentucky and adjoining parts of other states. The reason appears very clearly as one reads the catalog and notes the unrivaled advantages which Berea now offers to all who attend.

Miss Cameron returned to Berea last Saturday night after her vacation in Nova Scotia.

Supt. and Miss Burgess returned from their vacation trip to the East, last week, bringing with them Mr. Frank Vose who will superintend the brick and mason work for the College this year.

Two new four wheel dump carts have arrived for the Woodwork Department.

Secretary Gamble returned from Alexis, Ill., where he has been spending his vacation, last week. Mrs. Gamble and the baby are still in Alexis.

Prof. George Phoenix of Hampton, Va., made Berea a very pleasant visit Saturday and Sunday. He says he is pleased with the Berea boys and girls who have been in school there and wishes for more.

Prof. T. A. Edwards returned Saturday from his trip in the North. He spent six weeks in Ohio, and reports that a large number of new college students will come to Berea this fall. He goes back today for another stay of three weeks.

A Letter from Jamestown.

To all my friends back in Kentucky: I will drop a line to show that I am still thinking of you and am longing for September to come so I can be in school again; of all the places that I have ever been none suit me quite so well as Berea, yet I have enjoyed myself very much this summer here at the exposition. I have had an opportunity of seeing some very fine exhibits from the different states, cities, and corporations of our country. Kentucky's exhibit is not as good as those of some other states, but it is excellent considering that the state made no appropriation for it. The Kentucky building is especially unique and representative of the state. It is constructed of pine logs, built into a double log cabin with hallway between and a porch on each side; the rooms are furnished in the old frontier style, with the old corded bedstead and calico quilt, and there are also a great number of rustic seats sitting in and around the building. Besides being surrounded by a stockade of pine logs driven into the ground, there is a pine grove on the rear and two sides, but in front you can sit and view the American, as well as several visiting, squadrons of war ships from other countries, besides a great deal of shipping that passes up and down the river.

I have been looking to see someone from Berea that I knew but so far only one has come along and that was Vernon Wheelon, who is employed by the Electric company and is stationed near the exposition grounds. He expects to remain with the company permanently if everything goes well.

The Jamestown Exposition has been kicked at and knocked at by a great many people from the different corners of our country till it has such a black eye that I doubt whether it will pull through successfully or not. It is true enough that they were not ready to open it when they did but they were under contract from the government and so had to open when they did, but any one wanting to come here now will find all they care to see for one time and a great deal more than they will remember. They have the exposition in very good shape with the exception of a couple of buildings that are not quite finished yet.

I have been on guard nearly three months now and have had some wonderful experience; have been through one fire, two riots and answered three tons of funny questions, besides a host of minor experiences that are not worth mentioning, but I am getting sick of my job of having to walk around in the hot sun with the thermometer registering 90 and 100 in the shade and all buttoned up to the chin in heavy winter clothes with a heavy belt and sabre on; but another month and a half lets me out, then I will take the nearest way for Kentucky.

Horace Childwell.

Co. A, Powhatan Guard, Jamestown Exposition, Va.

A Letter from Cam J. Lewis.

Creech, Ky., July 27, 1907.

Dear Friends:

It may be that some of the Berea people would be glad to know what some of the rest of the Berea boys and girls are doing this summer. I can speak for myself and two or three more.

I have taught one week and attended the Institute at Harlan, which was very successful and very helpful to us teachers. I have permission to hold a Sunday school convention and a picnic at my schoolhouse on Saturday, July 27th. I am expecting a large crowd and a good time.

A person cannot tell what good he may be able to do for God's cause till he gets out into the world and comes up against the real things that life is made of.

Slymon Kelly and Arthur Dalley are coming to visit my home and take part in the convention. They are doing good work here this year.

I am sorry that I cannot be at Berea in the fall term, but I must be content where I am.

May all we teachers always do our duty and be worthy of our work.

Very truly yours,
Cam J. Lewis.

A Letter from Miss Robinson.

Hamover, N. H.,

July 25, '07.

My Dear Professor Cook:

I hope that you and all the dear friends who read the Citizen, (in pleasure which I wish came to many times the 5000 who now enjoy it.) will want to hear a little about Dartmouth College in whose summer school I am now a student.

The charter of Dartmouth College was granted Dec. 18, 1769, in the governorship of John Wentworth over the province of New Hampshire, and in the reign of George the Third of England. The real beginning of the College was fifteen years before when Eleazer Wheelock of Lebanon, "at his own expense, on his own plantation set on foot an Indian Charity School" for the children of the Indians, "with a view to their carrying the Gospel in their own language and spreading the knowledge of the great Redeemer

THE WEALTH OF A NATION

Depends on the Thrift of Its People, and the

NATIONAL BANK

Is the Natural and Safe Depository for That Wealth.

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

—THE—

Berea National Bank

S. E. WELCH, President. J. L. GAY, Cashier.

If You Are Looking For Bargains

You must Not Pass This Store

A nice line of Dry Goods Ladies', Collars, Gloves, etc. at Bargain Prices.

In Men's Goods We have the best line of Dress and Work Shirts, Overalls, Gloves, Suspenders, Underwear, Half-hose, Hats, Collars, Ties, etc.

Also some Extra values in

Suits

We sell Groceries, Tinware and Queensware and pay top prices for Produce.

Yours for Business,

Moye's Cash Store,

Berea, Ky.

A NEW STORE IN BEREAS!

Are you looking for high grade food materials? The best are none too good. Why buy cheap and often impure groceries? We are opening up a new Grocery Store with a great variety of goods, and will keep as complete a line as possible of fancy groceries—the best goods obtainable for the price. We are distributors for the well-known Baker's Barrington Hall Steel Cut Coffee—the best to be had in Berea. Try a can and you will always want the original Steel Cut Coffee.

You will find a bargain counter here at all times and will be able to pick up some good values. I don't ask you to give me all your patronage when you want family groceries, tinware or hardware; but you will get a square deal when you come to

R. R. HARRIS,

Phone 10. Brannaman Bldg.

Agent for Naven Laundry.

MAIN ST.

among their Savage Tribes". So the school was for Indians and for "Missionaries and Schoolmasters in the Villages."

The village of Hanover where the College is located, lies on the Connecticut River. The surrounding country is beautiful and from the town many mountain excursions are easily made. The river affords much sport for the students. In the winters, which are somewhat severe, there are such sports as skating, sledding, etc. And in summer beside the canoeing on the river, all the ordinary athletic sports.

Last year's attendance was about 1100, and these are all men, as women students are not received except as graduate students and in the summer session.

Of all the advantages which this great College offers, I want to tell you just a little about the Library where I spend some hours every day. It is a fine brick building which cost \$70,000, and could not be rebuilt for \$100,000 now.

It has now 113,000 volumes, and its magnificently equipped reference rooms are used in term time by 150 men a day. Last year 13,170 books were loaned; the average circulation was 47 books per day. Of the 1100 students, 796 drew books. This is a better showing than some great universities make. Yale, for instance, I am told, but I have an impression that our own Berea College Library statistics would compare well with these.

I meet some old friends and pupils here and have formed some pleasant new acquaintances. The time goes so pleasantly that I remind myself of the lady who said that every afternoon when the clock struck five she hoped it was four.

With best wishes,
Josephine A. Robinson.

For that Dandruff

There is one thing that will cure it—Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is a regular scalp-medicine. It quickly destroys the germs which cause this disease. The unhealthy scalp becomes healthy. The dandruff disappears, had to disappear. A healthy scalp means a great deal to you—healthy hair, no dandruff, no pimples, no eruptions.

The best kind of a testimonial—
"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's
SARSAPARILLA
PILLS
CHERRY PECTORAL.

The Citizen

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New York doctors, we hear, are prescribing cigarettes for women troubled by nervousness. The euthanasia idea is gaining ground.

A New York judge has decided that an oyster is a wild animal. Here's one that the nature fakery have overlooked. Get busy!

Gen. Kuropki is a man of few words, so we may take it for granted that he would not have much success as a life insurance solicitor.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of Clark university, says posterity is crying out for birth. Yes, and as soon as it gets that it will howl for a bottle.

When a girl invites a young man to her home for dinner, and he is told that she did the cooking, it's time for him to sit up and take notice.

The United States raises more than 12,000,000 bushels of peanuts yearly and exports more, probably to help out during campaign and circus time.

Pittsburg bank clerks have taken to wearing rubber gloves. There is so much money in Pittsburg that bank clerks are continually getting their hands tarnished.

A Russian has been sent to Siberia for wearing a red necktie. A little severe, maybe, but any progress of that sort in the matter of good taste is to be commended.

"The virtuous person is his own best company," says the Baltimore American, and the Cleveland Leader adds that the extremely virtuous are awfully unsocial, to be sure.

It is quite appropriate to associate women with the cradle of liberty, and, therefore, portraits of Mary Livermore and Julia Ward Howe will be acceptable in Faneuil hall.

Mrs. Russell Sage's generosity shows that she does not believe those who have passed on know what is happening in this world, or else that she doesn't care what Russell suffers.

Recent scientific investigations, as we hear, minimize the damage done to the digestion of youth by a diet of green apples. There is enough damage left, however, for all practical purposes.

A Chicago girl dropped a bottle into the river with her name and address and "Please write" inside. A fine young farmer down state who fished it out is going to marry her. Girls, cast your bottles on the water.

Now that they are to have steamboats on the Tigris, some of the romantic aspects of the river of the "Arabian Nights" will be wiped out as the passenger sails past the old Bagdad of good Haroun al Raschid.

One of the historic helms in Switzerland is the silver helm in the minister at Berne. It ranks "for the service of God, the festivals of state, and the execution of the evil-doer." When the forces of the young French republic captured Berne in 1798, the citizens painted it a funeral black, and under this disguise it escaped from the rapacity of the Gauls.

When Secretary Root is at the department it is next to impossible to see him. He is cloistered with his secretary and stenographer, or else working by himself, but in either event he is as inaccessible as the czar. On diplomatic day he has to let himself be seen, but on other occasions it is so much a waste of time to try to get at him that most men who know the ropes do not make the attempt if it is at all possible to get their ends by seeing Haakon.

Balloon accidents are frequent, and they furnish a hint as to some of the possibilities should aerial navigation become common. Three aeronauts, all military officers, fell from a balloon near Debreczin, Hungary, and all were killed. Peasants who attempted to capture the balloon approached it with a light, and the result was the explosion of gas, which killed ten of their number. The operators of the balloon being dead it may not be possible to learn the cause of the fatality, but emphasizes anew the perils of navigating the air.

Supremacy of the Law Means Liberty

By VICE-PRESIDENT CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.



Our fathers believed in a government of law,—law written by representatives of the people, chosen by the people themselves acting in their sovereign capacity. They realized that this was to be a great country, and they knew that if it were to attain to the full measure of their best expectations, it must be a country where the law, and the law alone, should be supreme. They knew full well that to be great, it must be governed by just laws,—laws which, so far as human foresight could devise, should protect every citizen in the enjoyment of the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

They know, as we know, that in the final analysis, law is the very life of liberty, and without law and obedience to it, there is despotism, and despotism is tyranny.

We should inculcate a wholesome respect for law and for established authority. We should see to it that those who enact the law and those who administer it are fair, just and incorruptible men,—men who neither wealth nor the blandishments of power nor prejudice can swerve from a high-minded, honorable course. Laws should be the concrete expression of the conscience and intelligent judgment of the people. Their purpose should be as broad and comprehensive as are the rights of all who owe allegiance to a common flag. The laws should be enacted so as to comprehend the welfare of the great body of the people. The laws simply protect us in the enjoyment of our rightful opportunities. It is left for us to work out our own destiny in the exercise of our own judgment and by the force of our own ability.

We are placed here and must run our race together. We must have a regard for each other and beware that we do not trample upon the rights of our neighbor. While we care for ourselves, we must also have a thought for those about us, and, so far as we are able, help others who are worthy and in need, to bear their burdens. We cannot get on without each other if we would and we would not if we could. A man who takes no thought of his neighbor is not worthy of thought himself.

Democratizing the Church

By RABBI CHARLES FLEISCHER, Boston.

formulations of faith grows less and less.

This indubitable fact does not spell irreligion, but it at least hints at a larger religiousness than the world has known. Church attendance is no test of a man's religiousness. Even total abstinence in this regard would not prove him irreligious.

Many streams of tendency are uniting to swell the flood of seeming irreligion. It is worth while at least to name and to number these tendencies.

Men have largely lost their "dread of something after death," so that terror of other worldly punishment to follow so-called unbelief no longer is a compelling force toward real or pretended belief.

The Inquisition is dead, killed by the growing humanity of man. Therefore, there is no earthly means of enforcing the faith and practice of whatever church that still may dominate the life of particular sections of society. Excommunications and heresy trials are but weak and ineffectual echoes of once terrifying and fatal ecclesiastical thunders.

This is the day of democracy. That means hard times for survivals of monarchic days. Kings must go; the people will rule themselves; society must gradually be reorganized in all respects on the democratic basis.

The church is plainly monarchic and autocratic in its organization and in its attitude toward men. The process of democratizing the church has but just begun. The independent congregational organization is the only democratic form, and even then it is not democratic in spirit until all "tests" of orthodoxy are abolished and the society recognizes that the genuine church is rightly the church of one member.

The Tongue a Weapon of Power

By DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Wise men have searched the world for images strong enough to set forth the full power of the tongue. Of the children of sympathy it may be said the tongue sheds forth healing halms and cordials; but of the envious man it is true that the poison of asps is under the lips. For, as of old, so now the tongue is a hand wherewith we lift men up or a mace wherewith we strike men down. With this instrument bless we God; with it curse we men. No other member carries such influence; and nothing taxes men like the skillful handling of the tongue and its bridling, even as the charioteer lifts the reins above his well-trained steeds. For the tongue gushes forth comfort like a cool, sweet spring; the tongue is a harp, piling up masses of melody; the tongue is a fruitful bower, full of bounty and delight; the tongue carries a glow, warming the soul like a winter's fire; it sends forth sweet songs to be sung in camp and wept over in cottage.

This noble use inheres in speech—it is the soul's revealer. The eye and ear, the taste and touch, are windows for letting the great outer world into the secret sanctuary, but the tongue is the one door through which the soul steps out. Only through speech is the invisible man beholden of his friends.

Pathetic, indeed, are the attempts of men lost in subterranean depths as they seek to find their way back into the open light. But the sorrows of imprisoned martyrs are as nothing to those of brave Helen Keller, with her dumb lips and blind eyes, who places her finger upon the larynx of some speaking friend while her soul struggles to find its way out into the light and sunshine where sympathy and friendship dwell. Once the lips begin to speak the soul stands forth fully revealed. For conversation is a golden chariot upon which the soul rides forth to greet its friends.



THE WARNING IGNORED

AND TWO PACIFIC STEAMERS MET IN FEARFUL CRASH.

LARGE NUMBER OF LIVES LOST.

Rescuers Saved Many Women and Children, Though a Number Went to Watery Graves.

Eureka, Cal., July 23.—Another terrible ocean disaster occurred off this coast, when the steamer San Pedro, lumberladen for San Francisco, crashed into the passenger steamer Columbia, north bound for Portland, carrying about 200 passengers and a crew of 54. The big passenger liner sank 11 minutes after the collision. Of the passengers 106 are reported saved, with 33 of the crew. Scores already have landed on the coast. Both vessels were going ahead at full speed when the accident occurred. The mate of the San Pedro, who was on the bridge at the time, says he heard the whistles of the Columbia, but paid no attention to them until the vessel loomed up only a cable's length away. Both ships started to reverse engines, but it was too late and, with a fearful crash, the San Pedro, heavily laden, struck the passenger steamer on the starboard bow, tearing an immense hole near the water's edge.

A majority of the passengers on the Columbia were women and children, but many of them were saved, though some went to their deaths without the slightest warning.

One hundred and seven of the Columbia's passengers and 37 of her crew have been brought to this port by the steamer George W. Elder, which towed the colliding schooner San Pedro from the scene of the disaster to Eureka. A late message from Shelter Cove says that three more lifeboats have been picked up, one containing 15 persons, another 15 and the third not reported. The survivors who were brought to this port are being cared for at hotels and in private houses. The citizens of Eureka, moved to unanimous action by the distress of the victims, have supplied sufficient quantities of clothing and all necessary medical attention without stint or price.

A segregation of the Columbia's passengers list shows that in her cabin she carried 74 men and 90 women and girls; in her steerage 20 men and one woman, a total of 149. Discrepancies, however, between the full list furnished the purser on sailing and some of the names given by survivors who have reached here indicate that the total passengers was greater in number.

Among the lost is Mrs. F. O. Lours, of Pasadena. She died of exposure. Lours' life was saved. Their boy of 9 and their 12-year-old daughter were drowned. Lours succeeded in getting his wife and children onto the upper deck in the brief interval of the collision and the sinking of the Columbia. Just as the Columbia was sinking her boilers exploded. This counteracted the suction and saved many lives. Husbands and wives were separated and fathers and mothers and children became lost to one another in the excitement when the boats collided.

MOURNING DEATH OF RELATIVES

Killed By Train, Mrs. Farley, on Way to Mass, Met Same Fate.

Connellsville, Pa., July 23.—After having come from Elizabeth, N. J., to attend the funeral of her brother-in-law, Joseph Wright, who was killed on the Pittsburg & Lake Erie railroad, Mrs. Bridget Farley, aged 63, met the same fate on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. When on her way to attend mass at Sacred Heart Catholic church, she was struck and instantly killed by a Pittsburg limited train. Her body was shipped to her home in Elizabeth, N. J.

Girl Terribly Burned.

Fort Dodge, Ia., July 23.—A burning cigarette stump tossed out of a window and accidentally alighting on the hat of Miss Horace Endon, daughter of Richard E. Endon, a wealthy farmer, formerly of Monroe, Ind., resulted in injuries to her which may prove fatal. Her hat ignited from the cigarette stump and she was terribly burned about the face and neck.

Village Submerged.

Muscola, Wis., July 23.—The village of Boaz, Richland county, having a population of 400, is entirely submerged as a result of the Wisconsin river overflowing. A number of the houses have been moved from their foundations and carried distances ranging from 100 yards to a mile.

Miners Ordered Out.

Hibbing, Minn., July 23.—The Western Federation of Miners has ordered a strike of all the miners employed by the United States Steel Co. here. The miners are nearly all Austrians or Italians, and many are leaving for Europe. There has been no violence.

Aeronauts Missing.

St. Petersburg, July 23.—The military balloon which ascended from the aeronautic park at Tauriskee Selo last Friday, manned by four army officers, has been picked up at sea in a waterlogged condition. It is believed that the aeronauts perished.

Duelist Killed.

Halle, Germany, July 23.—A fatal duel with pistols took place between students. The duel followed a quarrel during festivities, and one of the participants, Walter Lipsky, was killed outright.

BALE HOOK IN HAND OF DRAYMAN

CUT SHORT CAREER OF MURDEROUS GAMBLER.

Killed Girl Who Refused Hand and Money, Then Mortally Wounded His Best Friend.

New York, July 24.—Crazed with jealousy of a fancied rival, Frank H. Warner, broken in fortune and reputation, brutally slew Esther Margaret Norlin, a girl of 21 who had refused to marry him and advance him enough money to re-establish himself in business. After shooting the girl Warner tried to kill Albert Spicer and a boy named Keller, who had tried to intercept him in his flight, and three hours later shot and mortally wounded his best friend, John C. Wilson, who was about to comply with his request for a loan of \$10.

Warner lay in wait for the girl in front of the haberdashery shop of William C. White, at 3 West Forty-second street, where she was employed and, in full sight of the hundreds of clerks and shop girls on their way to business, shot her through the heart just after she entered the store.

Albert H. Spicer, the man whom Warner suspected of displacing him in the affections of the girl, was in the store when the shot was fired, and as soon as he saw the girl fall sprang to grapple with her assailant.

The crazed man fired a shot point blank at Spicer, but missed and retreated to the street, firing another shot at the boy Keller as he ran. Finding his pursuers gaining on him the man balked with his back to the wall of the old reservoir and fired another shot that scattered the crowd long enough for him to get across the street into the Spaulding building. He ran up the stairs to the first landing and paused to reload his revolver, threatening to kill any one who started toward him. Then he calmly walked up the stairs and managed to make his way out of the building and mingle with the crowd while half a dozen policemen were looking for him.

Four hours later he appeared in the store of his best friend, John C. Wilson, No. 26 Waverly place, greeted him cordially and asked for a loan of \$10.

Wilson turned around to go to his cashier to get the money, but just as he turned, Warner, evidently possessed of the idea that he was about to call the police, drew three shots, one of which struck Wilson in the back and another in the arm, the third going over his head as he fell to the floor mortally wounded.

Warner then calmly walked out of the building before an alarm was raised. Then he started to run after firing once at the men who were pursuing him.

Half way between Waverly place and Washington place Jacob H. Rose, a glass truckman, heard the sharp reports of Warner's revolver within the building, saw the second shot fired and witnessed Warner heading his retreat down Broome street. Without a second's hesitation Rose jumped from his truck and made for Warner as he fled down the street with the mob yelling, "Stop this murderer!" at a safe distance behind him. The truckman overtook the fugitive who raised his weapon and tried to pull the trigger once more, but Rose dealt him a crushing blow across the right side of his forehead with steel bale hook. Down dropped Warner as if he had been shot. The man's skull was fractured, and there was no more fight in him.

GRANTED RESPITE

Of Thirty Days To Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington.

Jersey City, Mo., July 24.—Gov. Folk granted a respite of 30 days to Lord Frederick Seymour Barrington, under sentence to be hanged at Clayton, Mo., on July 25 for the murder of James P. McCann.

Gov. Folk gave as the reason for his action that he desired to have time to fully investigate and consider a petition presented by State Supreme Judges Graves and Valliant for commutation of Barrington's death sentence.

John and Amos H. Brooks, brothers, convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged at Ironton, Mo., on July 25, were shown clemency by Gov. Folk, who commuted their sentence to life imprisonment.

Stood At His Post.

Boston, July 24.—Fire in the building occupied by automobile manufacturers and others, damaged the Turner Co.'s plant to the extent of \$15,000. Arthur E. Richards, the elevator boy, stood at his post and got everybody out in safety, undoubtedly preventing serious accidents.

Joined the Strikers.

Des Moines, Ia., July 24.—The car repairers, cleaners and attendants employed in the Rock Island shops and yards here and at Valley Junction, have joined the strikers. As a result none of the passenger cars out of here are being cleaned or leed.

Caught By Russians.

San Francisco, July 24.—The cod-fishing schooner John D. Rockefeller arrived here from the Okhotsk sea and reported she was chased outside the 39 line by the Russian gunboat Manjar, and that the Fremont couldn't get away and probably was captured.

Steamer Belmont Sinks.

Mt. Carmel, Ill., July 24.—The steamer Belmont, the largest boat on the Wabash river, sank in eight feet of water several miles above here by springing a leak. Four of the crew were rescued. It is thought boat can be raised.



IT DOES NOT PAY.

Why the Man Who Works for a Living Should Not Drink Beer.

1. The man that drinks beer can not earn as much money as he can if he drinks water instead. He cannot do as much work nor as good work if he drinks beer because beer weakens both the body and the mind. He is more likely to be sick and lose time if he drinks beer than if he does not.

The fat, heavy beer-drinker may look healthy but he cannot stand the strain of a long or heavy lift. Strength is in muscle, not in fat. Beer makes fat but does not make muscle.

Railroad managers will not allow men who run their trains to drink beer, because they have found by experience that beer drinking has caused the loss of many lives and much valuable property. One superintendent says: "If it takes ten glasses of beer to make a man drunk, when he has taken one glass he is one-tenth drunk." No man in that condition is fit to be entrusted with great responsibility.

Men who do not drink beer are not only able to do more work per day, but their powers of endurance are far greater than those of beer-drinking men. In intensely hot weather you can almost count on the beer-drinking men being compelled to stop at least half a day every two weeks.

2. Beer-drinking often injures a man's health much sooner than he realizes.

"The injury which beer does to health," says Dr. Rudolph Wissiak, of Vienna, "is not as easily seen as in the injury done by whiskey or brandy." The whiskey drinker's appearance easily betrays him. But think of the round, contented face of the true beer-drinker. Does he not look as if he were in good health? How deceitful this appearance is, is only learned little by little as the alcohol in the beer combined with the large amount of fluid, accomplishes its destructive work on stomach, heart, blood vessels, liver and kidneys.

3. The man who drinks beer is likely to drink more than he intends to.

4. If the beer-drinker takes enough to make him drunk he is likely to get into a fight or other trouble and be arrested, lose his money, etc.

5. A beer-drinker's children will be likely to follow his example. If they do they will not learn as well in school, for beer makes school children stupid, and they will not prosper so well in business for beer dulls the brain; they will not be able to do as much nor as good work for beer reduces strength and power of resistance.

6. A man who brings his children up to drink beer cannot count on having prosperous sons and daughters to be proud of and to support him in his old age.—Committee of Temperance of Presbyterian church.

A FULL HATCH.



Suggested as suitable device for the saloon sign board.

Put the Saloon Far Away.

The Chicago Tribune says: "The greater the distance to travel, the less the likelihood of temptation. . . . At a distance of three full miles a saloon is not so demoralizing as when near at hand, and the average young man is likely to give the subject serious consideration before he traverses that territory to gratify the cravings of an unwise and unwholesome thirst." Many times we hear it said that the proximity of the saloon has little to do with the amount of liquor consumed. This is specious, but a little thought will convince us that such argument is fallacious.

Two Bits of Crepe.

A merchant of Owensboro, Ky., who was one of the most active workers in the recent local option contest, arose at a meeting, held just after the announcement of the defeat, and said: "This morning when I went to my store, I found it decorated with streamers of crepe, and an insulting note was pinned with it. Just 30 years ago to-day there was crepe on my father's door, and he had gone to a drunkard's grave. Can you blame me for advocating prohibition?"

A Bad Drink.

Says the New York Mail, "Whisky is whisky." Yes, sir; there is no other term that does it full justice.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

THIEF AT WILLIS SCHOOL.

It Did Not Prove to Be the "Worst Boy" in the Room, However.

The dozen or more children who attended the Willis school were gathered in the little front yard awaiting the arrival of the new teacher.

"Wonder what she looks like," said Peggy Hopkins, for the hundredth time.

"Not like you, I hope," came in a taunting voice from the apple tree nearby. To which Peggy, not at all abashed, shouted back:

"You'd better come out of that tree, Tom Fields, unless you want her to leave right off. Seems a shame that we can't have a teacher any time, just because you act so."

"Oh, don't stop now, Peg," said Tom, good-naturedly. "I just love to hear you talk."

For answer the girl turned her back on him. She and Tom were the brightest pupils in the little school,



There it Goes in the Organ.

and admired each other very much in secret, while openly they were always quarrelling.

"I'll wager a dollar," ventured a tall, heavy-looking boy, "she doesn't stay a week where Tom Fields is."

"We want to see it first, Tom," said the sneaking voice in the tree.

Tod Miller flushed angrily, as he pulled a bill from his pocket.

"See it?" he said. "Now wouldn't you like to have it to pay for the window you broke?"

A probable quarrel was here prevented by the approach of Miss Lane, the new teacher. As she stood talking to the children, she was very favorably impressed by their bright looks, until she recalled the warning she had received concerning a certain bad boy named Tom Fields.

Turning to the good-looking lad at her side, who was introducing the others in turn, she inquired:

"I've heard of one boy, Tom Fields; isn't he here?"

"Yes'm," was the reply; "that's my name."

Miss Lane did not show her astonishment. She had come prepared to meet a young rowdy, such were the wild stories in circulation about Tom, who was in reality only a very mischievous boy. When she saw her mistake she determined to make him a help instead of a hindrance in her work.

Though it was the first day of the new term, everything was carried on in perfect order. Tom's good deportment caused some silent wonder among the other scholars, but he was too busy to heed them. When not helping Miss Lane, he was bending over his books in earnest study. One person alone understood his strange conduct. Peggy smiled as she studied, for it was all as plain to her as if Tom had said: "So, you expect me to be bad; well, I won't then, I'll be good."

Unconsciously Tom grew to like his new teacher so well that, by way of expressing his feelings, he cleaned all the blackboards after school. Later he walked home with her. As he was about to go on after a few minutes' chat, Miss Lane suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, Tom, I forgot my fountain pen. Would you mind running back for it?"

"Of course not," said the boy. "I'll get it," and taking the key she handed him he was off on a rush to the school.

He found the pen, and at the same time espied Tod Miller's knife lying in the aisle. He picked it up and threw it carefully into his desk, not noticing that as he did so a dollar bill fell to the floor. Then he looked the door and ran back to where Miss Lane was waiting.

The next morning Tom started out to hunt early violets for his new teacher. When he arrived at the schoolhouse he found that the pupils had already assembled. As he hung his cap on a peg in the entry, he heard somebody say inside:

"How many saw this boy show Tom Fields a dollar bill?"

It was the superintendent's voice, and Tom was never more puzzled in his life. With a determined step he walked into the room and took his seat. He noticed that every one looked at him in surprise.

Mr. Brice, the superintendent, was seated beside Miss Lane's desk, and before them stood Tod Miller in evident distress. Work was suspended and the attention of the pupils was centered upon these three.

"Ah," said Mr. Brice, on perceiving the late scholar, "I'm glad to see you, Tom Fields, for we would like you to answer some questions."

"Yes, sir," said Tom politely. There had been former encounters between him and the superintendent, which both had cause to remember.

"Well, then," continued Mr. Brice, "when your teacher sent you back to the schoolhouse yesterday afternoon, did you stop to do anything in the room besides the errand on which you came?"

It seemed to Tom that he was being indirectly accused of something, and while it made him angry, the consciousness that yesterday had been his red-letter day in good behavior, kept him sufficiently calm to reply:

"Yes, sir, I picked Tod's penknife up and threw it into his desk."

"In doing so, did you notice a dollar bill there?"

"I did not, for I didn't look inside at all."

There was a pause, during which Mr. Brice took down a few notes and the pupils waited breathlessly. Miss Lane looked at the boy in a sadly puzzled way, and Peggy Hopkins did not look at him at all; two facts which hurt Tom not a little.

At last the superintendent began in this way:

"There has been no boy in any of

my schools who has caused me as much trouble as you have, Tom. Miss Lane has been the first teacher to find no fault with you. In truth, it seemed you were exceptionally well behaved yesterday until a series of facts leads me to take a different view of your conduct."

Tod Miller left a dollar bill in his desk. Two other boys saw it there and told him they thought it would be safe. The schoolhouse was found locked this morning and the money was gone. The only person who has entered here since the others were dismissed was—"

"You needn't say any more, Mr. Brice," Tom interrupted. "You think I stole that money, so why don't you say it right out? I tell you I didn't, and I won't stay where people call me a thief."

With a sob in his throat, for, to tell the truth, Tom was more hurt than angry, he burst out of the room. Following a wild desire to be alone, he rushed off to the woods.

Those in the little schoolroom had barely recovered from their surprise and Mr. Brice was just about to start in pursuit when a little girl near the old dilapidated organ gave a faint scream.

"Oh, teacher," she cried, "see the noise! There it goes in the organ."

As Miss Lane looked in the direction where the little speaker pointed she caught sight of a long, wriggling tail, which quickly disappeared. Rather more excited than the occasion seemed to call for, she went over and, with some effort, raised the back cover of the organ. Inside, in one corner, was a queer little nest of bits of rag, paper and straw inhabited by two tiny specimens of mousehood. As she bent over to examine them the mother mouse darted out of a hidden recess among the pipes of the rusty instrument and, jumping to the floor, disappeared in a hole. In springing out so suddenly the little creature had pushed something forward, which Miss Lane eagerly pulled forth. It was a dollar bill, much gnawed on the corners. She held it up before the amazed superintendent and scholars and Peggy Hopkins cried gleefully:

"So that was the thief. Oh, I knew it wasn't Tom. May I run and tell him?"

"Nevertheless," said Mr. Brice sternly, to hide the confusion he felt, "if that boy's record had been different we should not have been so ready to judge him."

The part of Peggy's narrative which Tom liked best was where she told him that she and teacher "hadn't believed he did it all along, anyhow."

M. E. Lindenberg, in Washington Star.

He Knew.

The pretty teacher was trying to explain the difference between good conduct and bad, relate the Youth's Companion. "Good actions," she explained, "are the lovely flowers. Bad ones are the weeds. Now, can any little boy or girl tell me the difference between flowers and weeds? What are weeds?"

"Weeds," said Walter, who had been struggling with the sorrel in his mother's garden, "are the plants that want to grow, and flowers are the ones that don't."

Establishing a Fact

By W. CRAWFORD SHERLOCK

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"I'm an utter failure, Margaret."

"Don't talk that way, Tom," urged Margaret, soothingly. "You are not a failure, and you're not worthless nor incompetent, either. You are just the best boy that ever lived."

Tom Carlton stretched his great length on the grass by Margaret's side and for a few minutes contented himself with fervent, admiring glances into her dark blue eyes.

"It's nice to have some one who believes in you," he said at last, "but I'm afraid your confidence is misplaced. I've been discharged from the office."

"That was through no fault of yours," she declared confidently. "You always try to do your duty."

"The chief wasn't in a very good humor, so he began to squint over my work and found two mistakes, each of the same amount, on opposite sides of the book. It balanced all right, but it was dead wrong, all the same. Well, the chief ripped off a yard or two of choice but rather inelegant English and wound up by declaring that there wasn't another man in the world who would have made such mistakes, egregious blunders he called them."

"Everybody makes mistakes," affirmed Margaret spiritedly. "You should have told him that."

"I didn't," Tom returned dejectedly. "I got fired."

"Poor boy," whispered Margaret, tenderly stroking his curly brown hair. "Don't worry about it; you will get another and perhaps a better place."

"Margaret, I'll never be a clerk if I live to be a hundred," declared Carlton with conviction. "I have tried my best and made more mistakes than any man in the office. You'd better cut loose from me, Margaret, before I ruin your chances in life."

"I'll do nothing of the kind, Tom," asserted the girl emphatically. "I'm not afraid to trust my future to you. You have brains and will make a name for yourself yet. That invention of yours would bring you a fortune if you could only get it started."

"That's it, Margaret, but I can't get it started without money, and money I have not nor any prospects of any."

"Are you sure your Aunt Sarah did not leave you some?" inquired Margaret earnestly. "She promised to, you know."

"I believe she intended to leave me some money," returned Carlton bitterly, "but I can't prove that she did. Aunt Sarah was under some deep obligations to my father in her early life, and always said she intended to do something liberal for me, but old Arnold, her husband, kept a tight string on the family purse during his life and a his death left his money in trust for his wife during her lifetime and then to his four children. Aunt Sarah told me over and over again that she was saving every cent of the income for me, but when she died my cousins knew nothing of such a plan, nor was any will found. Consequently, I get nothing."

For fifteen minutes neither spoke. Carlton was gloomily reflecting upon the possibilities of providing a home and caring for the girl to whom he had been engaged for the past three years. Margaret, meanwhile, was debating within herself the advisability of giving up her trip to Europe as companion to Mrs. Harper.

"Tom, I'm going to stay at home. I will not go to Europe with Mrs. Harper."

"You're a good girl, lassie," declared Carlton, rising on his elbow and slipping his arm around her waist, "but I want you to go. You would lose your position and it would be a case of two of a kind then. I have a plan that may make our fortunes and I want you to go."

"What is your plan?"

"I can't tell you, Margaret. I want to find out whether my aunt really did intend to leave me any money and I am going to try a ruse on my beloved cousins."

The following week Margaret called for Geneva in company with Mrs. Harper. Carlton was at the wharf to see them off and watched the big steamer until it was out of sight.

For several days after Margaret's departure Carlton remained at home, and every evening a soft-voiced, soft-treading man, dressed in black, called to see him.

It soon became rumored in the neighborhood that Mr. Carlton was quite ill, and this news was sent to his cousins, who called to see him. His condition seemed to grow worse, however, and one morning the neighbors noticed a black crepe on the door of the little cottage.

In the parlor was a plain coffin in which Carlton lay. His face was pale and dark circles were beneath his eyes, as if he had suffered greatly during his illness. By the side of the coffin stood Mrs. Porter, Mrs. Hopkins and Thomas and John Arnold, the four cousins of Carlton and the children of Aunt Sarah.

"What a pity poor Tom died so young," said Mrs. Porter, wiping her eyes with a dainty handkerchief. "He was such a handsome man, so like his father."

"I feel just dreadful, Mary," sniffled Mrs. Hopkins, hysterically, "when I think what we did to him when mother died. It was just awful."

"It was our mother's money, Clara," observed John Arnold, coldly. "We had more right to it than Tom Carlton had."

"There wasn't any will," interposed Thomas Arnold. "All mother left was a scrap of paper saying she wanted the twenty thousand she had saved to go to Cousin Tom."

"It was signed by her," argued Mrs. Hopkins, "and even if it wasn't witnessed, we ought to have carried out her wishes. I am going to take my share and build a handsome monument over this poor boy's grave."

"There'll be no need of that, Cousin Clara," observed a voice in no degree sepulchral. Tom Carlton had risen in his coffin and was surveying the group with a bland smile. "Just give me the money in cold cash. It will do me more good."

At this unexpected announcement Mrs. Hopkins sank back in a chair speechless with fright, while Mrs. Porter uttered a series of screams that would have aroused the neighborhood if Carlton's home had not been somewhat isolated. John and Thomas Arnold stared in blank amazement at the supposed dead cousin.

"What does this mean, Carlton?" demanded John Arnold, sternly. "What kind of a trick have you been playing upon us?"

"I wished to find out if Aunt Sarah had left me any money," returned Carlton affably, "and I have succeeded. I shall expect each of my beloved cousins to hand me over five thousand dollars."

"You'll never get it," retorted Thomas Arnold savagely. "What you have learned to-day will not do you any good."

"Mr. Tyndall!" called Carlton, and the soft-voiced, soft-treading man in black stepped from behind the portieres. "You have heard what these people said about my aunt's intentions regarding me?" Mr. Tyndall bowed affirmatively. "Now, my cousins," continued Carlton quietly, "I'm going to give you a chance to settle this matter quietly or take the consequences. The courts have decided that a bequest, duly signed by the testatrix, even if not witnessed, is a will and the law provides a fitting punishment for those destroying or withholding a will. I may lose the case, but it will produce some publicity that will be decidedly unpleasant for you."

A lengthy consultation ensued between the brothers and sisters, during which Carlton watched the dark circles from beneath his eyes and the powder from his face, while Mr. Tyndall removed the crepe from the front door and carried the coffin to the attic.

When the result of his cousins' deliberations was made known to Carlton he rushed out and sent the following cablegram to Margaret:

"Aunt Sarah's legacy received. Come home."

POLITE LANGUAGE FAILED HIM.

Comment on Soup Was Worth Forfeiture of Nickel.

There are two little brothers, now living in New York, who came here not long ago from a Western army post. Their father, an officer, had been stationed there for several years, and the boys were born there. The free, outdoor life threw them much with the cavalry troops of the post, and their vocabulary is picturesquely sprinkled with vigorous expressions. This fact, somehow, was not so noticeable in the west, but after the youngsters came here to live the family began a determined effort to break them of profanity.

"I will give each of you two boys five cents for every day on which you don't swear," said the father, "but, mind you, you lose it if you forget yourself even once."

Since then the two have earned considerable money, and, though there have been many days when the sum had to be forfeited, there has been a steady improvement. There are times, however, as the boys can bear witness, which pass beyond all endurance. For instance, the other evening when the brothers were dining with their parents at their grandfather's, a soup, which was a distinct failure, was placed upon the table. The grown people, after tasting it, were too polite to make any comments, but contented themselves with leaving it unfinished. Not so the boys. Disappointment and disapproval were evident on their faces.

"Papa," he asked, "will you surely make me lose my five cents if I swear?"

"Certainly, son; you know that," was the answer.

"Well, then," remarked the five-year-old, "you can keep your money to-day, for this is a—bad soup!"—New York Times.

Literary Arts and Crafts.

There is an explanation of the dearth of poetry offered by the Youth's Companion that deserves consideration. It is that the poets have been drawn into the maelstrom of commercialism and have established riming factories, when they used to devote as much time to producing a single sonnet as it now takes to turn out a volume. Perhaps some literary arts and crafts society will start a revival of hand-made poetry.

1855 Berea College 1907-8

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Places the BEST EDUCATION in reach of all.

Over 60 instructors, 1175 students from 27 states.

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A special teacher for each grade and for each main subject. So many classes that each student can be placed with others like himself, where he can make most rapid progress.

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THE MODEL SCHOOLS for those least advanced. Same lectures, library and general advantages as for more advanced students. Arithmetic and the common branches taught in the right way. Drawing, Singing, Bible, Handwork, Lessons in Farm and Household Management, etc. Free text books.

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CHOICE OF STUDIES is offered in this course so that a young man may secure a diploma in Agriculture and a young lady in Home Science.

ACADEMY, COMMERCIAL, 1 year or 2 years to fit for business. Even a part of this course, as fall and winter terms, is very profitable. Small extra fees.

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COLLEGIATE, 4 years, Literary, Scientific and Classical courses, with use of laboratories, scientific apparatus, and all modern methods. The highest educational standards.

NORMAL, 3 and 4-year courses fit for the profession of teaching. First year, parallel to 8th grade Model Schools, enables one to get a first-class certificate. Following years (winter and spring terms) give the information, culture and training necessary for a true teacher, and cover branches necessary for State certificate.

MUSIC, Singing (free), Reed Organ, Voice Culture, Piano, Theory, Band, may be taken as an extra in connection with any course. Small extra fees.

Expenses, Regulations, Opening Days.

Berea College is not a money-making institution. All the money received from students is paid out for their benefit, and the School expends on an average upon each student about fifty dollars a year more than he pays in. This great deficit is made up by the gifts of Christian and patriotic people who are supporting Berea in order that it may train young men and women for lives of usefulness.

OUR SCHOOL IS LIKE A FAMILY, with careful regulations to protect the character and reputation of the young people. Our students come from the best families and are earnest to do well and improve. For any who may be sick the College provides doctor and nurse without extra charge.

All except those with parents in Berea live in College buildings, and assist in work of boarding hall, farm and shops, receiving valuable training, and getting pay according to the value of their labor. Except in winter it is expected that all will have a chance to earn as much as 35 cents a week. Some who need to earn more may, by writing to the Secretary before coming, secure extra employment so as to earn from 50 cents to one dollar a week.

PERSONAL EXPENSES for clothing, laundry, postage, books, etc., vary with different people. Berea favors plain clothing. Our climate is the best, but as students must attend classes regardless of the weather, warm wraps and underclothing, umbrellas and overshoes, are necessary. The Co-operative Store furnishes books, toilet articles, work uniforms, umbrellas and other necessary articles at cost.

LIVING EXPENSES are really below cost. The College asks no rent for the fine buildings in which students live, charging only enough room rent to pay for cleaning, repairs, fuel, lights, and washing of bedding and towels. For table board, without coffee or extras, \$1.35 a week in the fall, and \$1.50 in winter. For room, furnished, fuel, lights, washing of bedding, 40 cents a week in fall and spring, 50 cents in winter.

SCHOOL FEES are two. First a "Dollar Deposit," as guarantee for return of room key, library books, etc. This is paid but once, and is returned when the student departs.

Second an "Incidental Fee" to help on expenses for care of school buildings, hospital library, etc. (Students pay nothing for tuition or services of teachers—all our instruction is a free gift). The Incidental Fee for most students is \$5.00 a term (\$4.00 in lower Model Schools, \$6.00 in courses with Latin, and \$7.00 in Collegiate courses).

PAYMENT MUST BE IN ADVANCE, incidental fee and room rent by the term, board by the half term. Installments are as follows:

FALL—14 weeks, \$29.50,—in one payment, \$29.00. Installment plan: first day \$21.05, including \$1.00 deposit, middle of term \$9.45.

WINTER—12 weeks, \$29.00,—in one payment \$28.50. Installment plan: first day \$21.00 (including \$1.00 deposit), middle of term \$9.00.

REFUNDING—Students who leave by permission before the end of a term receive back for money advanced. On board, in full except that no allowance is made for any fraction of a week.

On room, all but fifty cents, but no allowance for any fraction of a month.

On incidental fee, a certificate allowing the student to apply the amount advanced for term bids when he returns provided it is within four terms, but making no allowance for any fraction of a month.

IT PAYS TO STAY—When you have made your journey and are well started in school it pays to stay as long as possible.

THE FIRST DAY of the fall term is September 11, 1907.

For information or friendly advice, write to the Secretary.

WILL C. GAMBLE,
BEREA, KENTUCKY.

That Premium Knife

takes the eyes of the men and boys who see it. The mountain people like a good thing when they see it, and to get a 75 cent knife with two blades of razor steel and a dollar paper that is worth more to the mountain people than any other dollar paper in the world—

The Knife and The Citizen for One Dollar!

That brings in subscriptions all the time. See full premium list on page 7.

THE HOME

Cooking Without Fire.

By Mrs. Hill.

A fireless cooker is a convenience at all times and a real blessing this hot weather. Any woman can make one, if she has an old trunk, a cheese box, or any box with a close fitting lid.

First line the trunk with several thicknesses of paper put on with a flour paste. Let the trunk stand open until the paper is dry, or the paste may sour and the paper become musty.

Next pack excelsior, shavings, saw dust, or chopped hay in the bottom, packing down tightly. When about one fourth full place your cooking vessels in position so they will not touch each other or the sides of the trunk and pack the material tightly around so that when they are renewed there will be a little nest into which they will just fit. Any kind of vessel with a close fitting lid may be used for the cooking vessel. For my own I use a pound coffee can, a half gallon tin pail and a gallon pail. Let the packing material be packed nearly to the top of the vessel.

Make a cushion of any kind of old cloth and fill with the excelsior or chopped hay. This is to be placed over the top of the cookings and should just fit the trunk or box.

Now to cook with this "fireless cooker" let the food be brought to a boil in the morning, boiling from five to twenty minutes, cover tightly, and place the vessel in the prepared nest, cover with the cushion and a few newspapers let and stand until dinner time.

Beans need to boil first for twenty minutes and to remain in the cooker four or five hours to be tender. Meat should also be cooked for the same length of time. Oatmeal for breakfast should be boiled the night before for five or ten minutes and left in the cooker over night.

Potatoes should not be cooked in the cooker as they will absorb the water, but nothing is better for rice, oatmeal, dried fruits, meats, and all things that need long slow cooking. I have used one for six months to cook our breakfast cereals and we think we can hardly eat any other kind now. In the winter we place the can in a kettle of hot water in the morning to heat it up, as it will be only slightly warm in the morning but will be thoroughly cooked and almost jellied.

The trunk should often be left open while not in use and the cushion should be hung up to air or it may become musty.

THE SCHOOL

Problems of the District School.

By Prof. Dismore.

Part 3.—Practical Teaching.

It will be well to observe the following rules in regard to the internment: First, they should come as regularly and as certainly as the lessons. Children are extremely jealous of their internments and it is well to observe them sacredly. Second, the recesses should not be less than fifteen minutes each and the noon intermission a full hour. Third, it is the teacher's province and duty to see that every part of the internments is employed to some good purpose by all the pupils. As a rule in country schools it is wise to allow boys and girls to play together. However, if this is done the teacher should always be on the ground and would better join in the games. The little ones should have a space to themselves.

So long as the children know what they want to play and all take part with zest, the teacher need offer no suggestions; but the list of games in country schools is often quite limited and they weary of them. In such a case the pupils will be delighted if the teacher can propose some new games or a new way to play an old one. All games should be played earnestly and vigorously, the teacher setting the example. If he shows little interest his mood will be quickly caught by others and all usefulness destroyed. When the interest lags it is time to stop.

Just here a word of caution may be uttered. Bossing and scolding on the playground should be strictly avoided. The teacher should take note of any misconduct, should see that no one is slighted or imposed upon and that all proper relations are observed; but any unwarranted intrusion will be resented. Play to be enjoyed must be free and untrammelled yet freedom is not license to wrong-doing. The tactful teacher will, know when to interfere and when to refrain. If his motives are right he is not likely to commit any serious error.

The noon hour is valuable in that its length gives an opportunity for a variety of exercises. It is delightful when the luncheon is eaten in a group with the teacher. Plenty of time should be taken and conversation should flow easily and pleasantly. The teacher can quietly take the lead, encouraging others to follow and using tact in bringing out the timid ones. No difficult or embarrassing questions should be proposed nor anything unpleasant allowed to mar the happiness of the occasion. With a little forethought and planning it can be made the most cheerful part of the day. No one should leave the group without asking to be excused. When the teacher rises the ceremony is over. Thus conducted the art of conversation is cultivated, valuable information imparted and social courtesies inculcated. Interesting items of current news, clever stories and friendly discussions will form a sufficient program to make the time pass quickly and pleasantly. A song or short reading at the close will often be fitting. The time occupied need not be more than twenty minutes.

A good half hour is left for play. If croquet, tennis and basket ball could be provided in country schools it would be an excellent thing and there seems no good reason why they should not be. The cost would be but slight and far out weighed by the results. These games cultivate skill and mental alertness and furnish enough physical exercise without the severity and roughness of base-ball and foot ball. If the large boys prefer base-ball to all other games there is no serious objection to it provided those who do not care for it have something else as good.

The recesses being short may be occupied with sharp physical exercise games such as running, jumping, leap-frog and the like for the boys, pull-away or drop-the-handkerchief for the girls.

(Continued Next Week.)

THE FARM

Care of the Chickens.

Wipe the dirt off the eggs.

Help the hens and chickens fight the lice; it will give them a lot of comfort.

Whole grain can not be beaten for a steady diet. Be careful not to overdo the mash business.

Don't get the mash too thin. Just enough water or milk to wet the feed is sufficient.

Bran will keep the bowels in good order. Better feed that than any of the stimulants on the market.

Going to build a hen house this year? Face it so that the sun will shine in the windows every day it shines anywhere.

The hen with a white comb is sick. The best doctor I know of is a good sharp ax.

Be on the lookout for rats. Rats and chicks never did thrive well together. Either the rats must go or the chicks will.

Don't keep eggs long on hand during hot weather. You have no idea how soon an egg becomes stale, unless you have been down town and had one served up to you for luncheon.

I wonder if farmers do with their chicks as they do with their sheep and cows—raise the ones that come from the best stock? Why shouldn't they? And yet, how few ever think of that.

The nearer we can bring the laying pen to those who eat the eggs, the better it will be for us all. Too many men in the middle eat up the profits of everybody concerned.—Farm Journal

HAYWOOD SET FREE

Jury In Famous Case at Boise Decides on Verdict of Acquittal.

IT WAS A SURPRISING RESULT

The Verdict Was Reached After Twenty-One Hours Deliberation by the Twelve Who Have Sat Through the Long Trial.

Boise, Ida., July 29.—Into the bright sunlight of a beautiful Sabbath morning, into the stillness of a city drowsy with the lazy slumbers of a summer Sunday, William D. Haywood, defendant in one of the most noted trials involving conspiracy and murder that the country has ever known, walked a free man, Sunday, acquitted of the murder of the former Governor Frank Steunenberg.

The probability of a verdict of acquittal in the case of the secretary-treasurer and acknowledged leader of the Western Federation of Miners had been freely predicted since Saturday, when Judge Fremont Wood read his charge, which was regarded as strongly favoring the defense in its interpretation of the laws of conspiracy, circumstantial evidence and the corroboration of an accomplice who confesses.

It was also freely predicted that in the event of Haywood's acquittal the state would abandon the prosecution of his associates, Charles H. Moyer, president of the federation, and Geo. A. Pettibone of Denver. Statements from counsel and from Governor Gooding dispel this view of the situation. Governor Gooding said: "The verdict is a great surprise to me, and I believe to all citizens of Idaho who have heard or read the evidence in the case. I have done my duty. I have no regret as to any action I have taken and my conscience is clear. As long as God gives me strength I shall continue my efforts for government by law and for organized society. The state will continue a vigorous prosecution of Moyer and Pettibone and Adams, and of Simpkins when apprehended. There will be neither hesitation nor retreat."

Not the least interesting of the comments made upon the verdict was that of Harry Orchard. When told at the state penitentiary that Haywood had been acquitted, Orchard said: "Well, I have done my duty. I have told the truth. I could do no more. I am ready to take any punishment that may be meted out to me for my crime, and the sooner it comes the better."

It was after being out for twenty-one hours that the jury, which at first had been divided eight to four and then seemed deadlocked at ten to two, finally came to an agreement shortly after the first faint streaks of the coming day showed gray above the giant hills. Events moved rapidly after this and when the principal actors in the trial had been gathered into the courtroom at a few moments before 8 o'clock the white envelope handed by the foreman to the judge was torn open and the verdict read.

It came as an electric thrill to the prisoner, to his counsel, to the attorneys for the state and to the small group of heavy-eyed newspaper men and court officials who had been summoned from beds but lately sought or from offices where sleepless waiting had marked the night.

Tears welled to the eyes of the man, who, during the eighty days of his trial, had sat with stolid indifference written upon his every feature—at last the lay armor he had thrown about himself with the first day of jury selecting had been pierced and whatever of pent up feeling had been contained within was loosened. Haywood's attorneys were fairly lifted from their seats and Judge Wood made no effort to restrain them as they surrounded him to shake his hands and shout aloud their congratulations.

JURY DISAGREED

No Verdict Reached in San Francisco Bribery Case.

San Francisco, July 29.—The jury in the case of Louis Glass, vice-president and general manager of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph company, accused of having bribed Charles A. Boxton, a member of the board of city supervisors, through the agency of Theodore A. Halsey, to withhold a franchise from a rival corporation, was unable to agree on a verdict and was discharged after being out forty-eight hours.

The jury stood seven for conviction and five for acquittal. The prosecution announced that it will proceed with other indictments against Glass on a similar charge.

Mrs. Ayres Still Defiant

New York, July 26.—Lieutenant Colonel Charles G. Ayres of the Fourteenth United States cavalry was officially informed of his retirement from active duty in the army. His only comment was: "I am only a soldier. My commander-in-chief has issued his order and I shall accept it without comment." Mrs. Ayres said: "Colonel Ayres has been hounded out of the service by a clique of officers' wives who are jealous of me and who have influenced their weak-minded husbands to strike at me through my husband."

GAMBLERS IN PANIC

Three Attempts at Dynamiting the Leaders of Warring Factions.

Chicago, July 27.—Panic seized the Chicago gambling fraternity following the sensational attempt to blow up the beautiful home of Mont Tennes, leader of one of the warring factions of gamblers.

The attempt to dynamite Tennes' home at 404 Belden avenue failed, the police declare, because the dynamiters worked too hastily. It is the third effort in the last two weeks to wreck the home or property of a reputed gambler.

It is declared that several of the leaders of the warring factions, frightened at the repeated attempts of dynamiters, have surrounded their homes and places of business with armed guards.

Two weeks ago a bomb was exploded at the library window of the home of "Blind John" Condon. Saturday night John F. O'Malley's saloon, Clark and Kinzie streets, was nearly wrecked by a bomb, and the attempt to dynamite Tennes' home followed.

While Tennes ostensibly laughs at the matter the police declare he and his family owe their lives to the unskillful manner in which the bomb was set off. Assistant Chief of Police Schuetzler detailed six detectives from his office on the case and declared developments might be expected before night. The bomb was buried at Tennes' home, struck a brick garage in the back yard and blew a hole three feet deep in the ground. Three windows in the house were broken and the report was heard for blocks. A \$5,000 automobile was in the garage.

ENDS LIFE IN RIVER

Girl Kneels in Prayer, Then Leaps to Death From Bridge.

Chicago, July 25.—A handsome young woman, stylishly dressed, leaped from the Halstead street lift bridge into the Chicago river, leaving on the bridge a note written in Polish. Her identity is a complete mystery. While the river is being dragged for the body efforts are being made to follow the clue given in the note.

In the sight of a policeman, who had become suspicious of her actions, the woman climbed to the top of the bridge railing, knelt down for a moment in prayer, and threw herself to the water below. The policeman jumped after her, but her body did not rise.

Drops Note on Bridge

As she made her death plunge, she dropped the note which was afterward found on the bridge. It was addressed to "Betty Mandel," but no street number was given.

The note was written in the fruit store of John Piretto, O'Neill and Halstead streets, where the young woman borrowed paper and pen just before she walked to the bridge. Policeman Hyland saw her leave the store, and followed her, but she took the fatal leap before he reached her. She wore a black skirt, a white sailor hat and an automobile veil.

"God, take care of me," she cried just before she took the fatal leap and she screamed as she struck the chilly water.

Policeman Hyland leaped into the river and groped around under water, but could not find the body, so he swam ashore to get assistance. A boat was summoned and a thorough search of the water was made, but the body could not be found.

DIG UP TONS OF LOST PIPE

Workmen Discover Tubes Buried for Years Still Good.

Iola, Ill., July 23.—Field workers for the gas department started to remove a gas pipe that has been used in connecting up the gas wells on the Brewer and Stott farms in the north-east gas fields, and discovered over 8,000 feet of six-inch gas pipe available. These wells are among the oldest in the city and the pipe to them has been in the ground for years.

According to the investigations made, the life usefulness of the mains to the Brewer and Stott wells was estimated as exhausted. When it was dug up the pipe uncovered was found to be in first-class condition. In fact, it did not show any signs of having been worn by the years of service.

The find is of particular value to the city at this time, because the pipe can be used in making needed street improvements.

Wounds Prove Fatal

Clinton, Ill., July 27.—Dewitt county, torn with the Magill murder case and the will cases of Millionaire Warner and Snell, has now another sensation in the murder at Wapella of young Remus Burton, son of the minister of the Methodist church in that city, the youth having died from stab wounds received in a quarrel Saturday night, when he was almost dismembered.

Lika Old Times

Ukiah, Cal., July 29.—The stage leaving this city for Witter Springs was held up yesterday by a lone bandit and eighteen passengers were lined up alongside of the conveyance and robbed of their valuables. A few minutes later a second stage from Ukiah came into view and the robber proceeded to line up its ten passengers with the occupants of the first stage.

Arrival of the Magilla

Clinton, Ill., July 27.—Sheriff Campbell is expected to arrive today from San Diego, Cal., with Fred Magill and his wife, wanted here in connection with the death of Magill's first wife.

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Tersley Told Information Concerning Mollers of Current Interest to Kentuckians.

THE STATE NEWS IN A NUTSHELL

Here Are Found Accurately Detailed the Happenings of the Largest Import Which Are Attracting Attention Throughout Kentucky.

Harlan, Ky., July 26.—Stoned to death as if punished by the mode of execution hundreds of years ago, is the horrible fate that befell Joseph Turner, aged eleven years, son of Justice Samuel Turner, of Williams Creek, this county.

The lad and a number of his companions were swimming in Cumberland river and began throwing sand at one another. They became angry and changed from sand to stones. A crowd of boys led by Thomas Simpson, aged thirteen, picked out young Turner and began stoning him until he was mashed almost literally to pieces. He was carried home barely breathing and died during the night. Most intense excitement followed. It is understood that a number of men witnessed the execution of the lad and failed to stop the fight. Arrests are likely to follow.

THE POWERS CASE

For the Fourth Time Caleb Powers Will Face the Court.

Georgetown, Ky., July 27.—The fourth trial of Caleb Powers, for alleged complicity in the assassination of Senator William Goebel, Democratic aspirant for the governorship of Kentucky, in 1900, begins here Monday with Special Judge J. E. Robbins presiding. Powers has been sentenced to life imprisonment twice and on a third trial was given the death sentence. He secured new trials, however, each time, and says he is confident of ultimate acquittal.

Discrimination Charged

Lexington, Ky., July 26.—H. B. Bryson, president of the Lexington chamber of commerce, has filed with the railroad commission charges of unjust rate discrimination against this city by the Louisville & Nashville railroad. In regard to the rate on coal, Mr. Bryson alleges that the rate from Marysville, thirty miles from Carlisle, is \$1.40 a ton, while the rate from Jellico, Tenn., to Carlisle, more than 100 miles, is \$1.30 a ton. Jellico is on the L. & N. and is owned by the railroad people. If the rate were made the same as from Marysville it would open competition with river coal from Pittsburgh and other Pennsylvania points.

Young Woman Slain

Ashland, Ky., July 27.—An atrocious murder occurred in Lawrence county, Ohio, opposite Huntington. The victim of the crime was Rose Maddox, a young white woman of Huntington. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Miss Maddox crossed the Ohio river at Huntington and walked down the river road. On the same boat were two negroes, whose names the ferryman did not know. They were last seen following close behind Miss Maddox. An hour later the young woman was found dead in the bushes by the side of the road and all around were signs of a terrible struggle. The suspected negroes have not been found.

Cornared the Blue Grass Seed

Paris, Ky., July 25.—A syndicate composed of J. S. Wilson, E. F. Spears & Sons of this city, and D. S. Gay of Winchester, Ky., has closed a deal by which they become the possessors of about 700,000 bushels of Kentucky blue grass seed, practically all there is in the country, with the exception of one party holding out about 10,000 bushels. The seed is to be delivered Aug. 1, the market opening on that day. The annual demand averages about 500,000 bushels, a large part of which goes to Europe.

Bellar Let Go

New Haven, Ky., July 27.—The explosion of a boiler in the plant of the New Haven Tite company wrecked the building and killed Wellington Brown, colored. Victor Bowling, one of the proprietors, was badly hurt. Three others were injured.

Just Cause for Complaint

Washington, July 29.—In a decision announced by Commissioner Prouty, the interstate commerce commission held that the territory of Oklahoma has just cause of complaint against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway and other interstate carriers on account of the rates on wheat and corn from Oklahoma to Galveston, Tex., for export. In its complaint the territory asked for a reduction on such shipments. The commission ordered the rates reduced.

Negro Shoots His Father

Zanesville, O., July 29.—Wm. Sneed, a negro youth of fifteen, surrendered to the authorities here after having shot and killed his father, Charles Sneed, near Ellis station. The latter, it is said, came home intoxicated yesterday and began to beat his youngest son. The mother of the child interfered and the elder Sneed was choking her when William grabbed a shotgun and blew off the side of his father's head.

CAN'T GET 'EM OUT

Filipinos Approach Election Day Without Any Exhibition of Interest in the Matter.

THEIR APATHETIC ATTITUDE

Despite Efforts of Party Leaders to Get Out Vets, Natives Refuse to Respond—Not One in Ten of Voting Population Has Registered.

Manila, July 27.—The approach of the first Philippine general election, next Tuesday, when a Philippine congress will be chosen, is marked by considerable apathy throughout the islands in spite of the strenuous efforts made by the party leaders to bring out the vote.

Reports received from the provinces indicate that less than 10 per cent of the entire voting population has registered its intention to take advantage of this first opportunity to elect delegations to congress. It is estimated that the total registered vote is less than 60,000. The leaders adopted every expedient to create interest in the election, but without success.

The complexion of the campaign is kaleidoscopic. Four months ago the independent factions which united under the name "Nationalist" appeared to control the situation, and the "Progressives," Secretary Taft's old federal government party, did not seem to have much of a following outside of the officeholding element. The situation is changed, however, and today any prediction would be futile. The Nationalists have been split up by factional fights and the chances of the Progressives seem to be good.

The death sentences passed upon Sakay, Montano, Villafuerte and Revago for outlawry have been confirmed by the supreme court. This action in the case of Sakay is thought to signify the political death of Dominador Gomez, a Nationalist leader. Gomez acted as the agent of the government in inducing Sakay and his followers to surrender, and he promised the president that they never would be convicted.

ANTI-TRUST LAW

Is Now Being Pushed Against the Standard in Mississippi.

Tupelo, Miss., July 24.—George D. Mitchell, prosecuting attorney for the First judicial district, has filed suit in the Lee county circuit court at this place, against the Standard Oil company, for \$1,400,000, charging that corporation with a violation of the Mississippi anti-trust laws. If the suit is won by the prosecutor, the Standard Oil company will not only be forced to pay the penalty, but will be obliged to change its organization or leave Mississippi. The petition in the suit alleges the Standard Oil company has violated the law in that it owns stock in the Waters-Pierce Oil company of Missouri, and the Union Tank Line.

New With the Jury

Boise, Idaho, July 27.—The fate of William D. Haywood, secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, is now in the hands of the twelve men who for eleven weeks have been listening to the evidence in his case and to whom it is now left to decide what penalty, if any, Haywood shall pay for participation in a criminal conspiracy resulting in the assassination of former Governor Frank Steunenberg, with which he is charged.

Another Military Accident

Fort Terry, Plum Island, N. Y., July 24.—Felt a premature explosion of a blank charge of one of the six-inch rifle guns at Battery Bradford, this post, Private George Hammond of the 100th company coast artillery, was killed and four others were injured, one man seriously.

Eight Violations Alleged

Topeka, Kan., July 24.—Attorney General Jackson has filed criminal proceedings against the International Harvester company, alleging eight distinct violations of the anti-trust law. The punishment in each case is a fine of from \$100 to \$1,000.

THE MARKETS

Current Quotations on Grain and Livestock at Leading Points.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock. Wheat—Wagon, 85c; No. 2 red, 87c. Corn—No. 2, 52c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 44½c. Hay—Clover, \$15.00 @ 15.50; timothy, \$18.00 @ 20.00; millet, \$12.00 @ 14.00. Cattle—\$4.50 @ 7.10. Hogs—\$5.00 @ 6.50. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 4.50. Lambs—\$5.50 @ 7.75.

At Cincinnati

Wheat—No. 2 red, 92c. Corn—No. 2, 56½c. Oats—No. 2, 46½c. Cattle—\$4.75 @ 5.85. Hogs—\$4.50 @ 6.30. Sheep—\$2.25 @ 4.85. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.25.

At Chicago

Wheat—No. 2 red, 91c. Corn—No. 2, 54c. Oats—No. 2, 43½c. Cattle—steers, \$4.50 @ 7.35; stockers and feeders, \$3.00 @ 5.00. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.35. Sheep—\$4.00 @ 6.00. Lambs—\$5.00 @ 7.25.

Livestock at New York

Cattle—\$4.50 @ 6.55. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 7.00. Sheep—\$3.50 @ 5.50. Lambs—\$6.00 @ 7.40.

At East Buffalo

Cattle—\$4.00 @ 6.85. Hogs—\$5.50 @ 6.85. Sheep—\$3.00 @ 5.50. Lambs—\$6.00 @ 7.75.

Wheat at Toledo

Sept. 91½c; Dec. 93½c; cash, 90½c.

AUTHORITIES CLASH.

NORTH CAROLINA AND UNITED STATES COURTS

THREATEN STAGE OF CONFLICT.

Governor Rejects Peace Offer of the Government—Rate Law Situation Very Serious.

Asheville, N. C., July 25.—The state of North Carolina is now in a practical position of defiance of federal authority.

Gov. Glenn refused to consider a peace plan submitted by Assistant Attorney General Sanford, who came here direct from President Roosevelt. At the same time, Judge Lyon, presiding in Marion, in a term of the superior court, instructed the grand jury to return indictments immediately against the Southern railway for violation of the rate law.

As the law has been declared unconstitutional by the United States Circuit Judge Pritchard, the action of Judge Lyon completely ignores the federal court, and opens the way for an overriding of federal authority which will precipitate the long expected crisis.

It is conservative to say that the day's developments in the railroad controversy bear a more serious aspect than at any time since the agitation began.

The state advocate asserted that the federal court can not escape a violation of the federal statute, which prohibits a federal officer from granting an injunction against a state court.

They say that it is too clear now to admit of any question that what Judge Pritchard has already done amounts to a violation of the federal statute.

Gov. Glenn fanned the flames by asserting in a public statement that he had accepted the Sanford peace plan would have constituted a humiliating surrender to the federal court.

"I shall not consider any offer from the other side," he said, "until the railroad complies with the law."

In other words, the governor insists that the railroad shall comply with a law that a federal judge has already declared unconstitutional before the state enters into any peace conference.

Continuing, the governor declared that the terms laid down by Mr. Sanford amounted to nothing.

"If Judge Pritchard had shown the slightest disposition to recognize the validity of the rate law," continued the governor, "and the right of the state to institute and prosecute cases arising under it in the federal courts, I would have been entirely satisfied to allow proceedings to be suspended until the supreme court of the United States could decide."

"I feel, in the present circumstances, that I can not for one moment permit this law of the state, any more than any other law, to be ignored and trampled under foot by the railway company or any one else."

In this frame of mind, anticipating the conflict which is coming between the state and the United States circuit court, the state officials have now prepared a plan of procedure which is designed to overcome any order by the United States court forbidding the enforcement of the railroad rate law, whose penalty section Judge Pritchard says is unconstitutional.

This plan simply looks to forcing the Southern railway into bankruptcy in the event of the supreme court of the United States ultimately declaring that the law is constitutional.

It will be recalled that the Southern secured the decision in the case of Wood and Wilson, who were convicted in the Asheville, police court, on a charge of charging more than 2 1/2 cents a mile and sentenced to imprisonment under the penalty clause of the law.

JUMPED FROM AUTO
And Was Ground To Pieces By Cars—Two Others Seriously Injured.

Mobile, Ala., July 25.—Dr. J. P. Killbrew, one of the most prominent of the younger physicians of this city, was ground to pieces under the wheels of a string of freight cars at the crossing of the Mobile, Jackson & Kansas City railroad at Ann and Tennessee streets; Perlu Bostora, a prominent young attorney and society man, was seriously injured, and Walter P. Horn, a young business man and clubman, slightly injured in an automobile accident when returning from the ball game at Monroe park.

Walter Horn was driving and Dr. Killbrew was on the front seat with him, and in jumping was tripped and fell on the track under the wheels of the moving cars. The automobile was driven across the track before the train of cars was seen.

Brings 1,177 Japs.
Victoria, B. C., July 25.—Bringing 1,177 Japanese from Honolulu, the Kumeric reached Williamhead quarantine station. The steamer will be examined.

Killed By Natives.
Brussels, July 25.—Mail advices from the Congo state that an officer and nine native militiamen have been killed by natives and that in the French Congo a missionary has been slain in the interior, where the native soldiers are rising against the whites.

Victims Still Suffering.
Boston, July 25.—The condition of the nine survivors of the accident on board the battleship Georgia a week ago Monday, who are confined in the Chelsea naval hospital, was reported as being without change.

JURY IN THE HAYWOOD TRIAL

WILL BE CHARGED BY JUDGE SAT. URDAY MORNING.

Mrs. Steunenberg Appears in Court For the First Time, Accompanied By Her Son.

Boise, Ida., July 25.—The case of the state of Idaho against William D. Haywood, charged with the murder of Frank Steunenberg, a former governor of the state, will rest with judge and jury Friday night.

Clarence Barrow, after speaking for 11 hours, concluded the final plea for Haywood's life at 4:20 p. m., and at 7 o'clock Thursday evening United States Senator Borah opened the closing argument for the prosecution. He will speak for three sessions, or about seven hours.

Judge Fremont Wood will instruct and charge the jury on Saturday morning.

At least 1,000 persons were unable to find seats in the courtroom.

Two hours before the hour set for the third session of the day crowds began to arrive, and within half an hour the doors were closed to all but court officials and newspaper men.

It was an audience composed almost entirely of Boise people gathered to hear the speech of the young man, who, recently elected by the people of Idaho to represent them in the United States senate, has been the assistant counsel for the prosecution in the case against Haywood.

Aside from the unaccustomed crowd in the courtroom and the large number of women present, the scene was much as it has been at each of the sessions during the last 11 weeks.

Mrs. Steunenberg, the widow of the murdered governor, appeared in the courtroom for the first time since the trial opened.

She occupied a seat inside the railing beside her youngest son, Julia.

Gov. Gooding, with a number of the executive staff and a large representation of the state judiciary and bar, were among the audience.

Haywood was surrounded by his counsel and his wife, in her invalid chair, was as usual by his side.

At the prosecution's table when Senator Borah rose to speak were seated two associate counsel, but James H. Hawley, leading counsel for the state, was not in his place, owing to serious illness.

Senator Borah's speech was a sensation. From time to time he turned on counsel for the defense, fierce denunciation pouring from his lips, and at times he brought protests from the benches and hot words he uttered every effort to break the rush of words.

The climax was reached when, in behalf of the state of Idaho, its people, its governor and himself, he demanded instant action or desire to give immunity to Orchard.

Finally, his face pale and voice quivering with emotion, the senator raised his arm and said:

"If I should ever join in or give approval to immunity to this man I hope the great God may wither my right arm in its socket."

HAYWOOD ACQUITTED

Jury Was Out 21 Hours Before Verdict Was Reached.

Boise, Ida., July 25.—Into the bright sunlight of a beautiful Sabbath morning William D. Haywood, defendant in one of the most noted trials involving conspiracy and murder that the country has ever known, walked a free man, acquitted of the murder of former Gov. Frank Steunenberg.

It was after being out 21 hours that the jury, which at first had been divided eight to four and then seemed deadlocked at ten to two, finally came to an agreement shortly after the first faint streaks of the coming day showed above the giant hills. Events then moved rapidly after that, and at a few moments before 8 o'clock the white envelope handed by the foreman to the judge was torn open and the verdict read.

The probability of a verdict of acquittal in the case of the secretary-treasurer and acknowledged leader of the Western Federation of Miners had been freely predicted, when Judge Fremont Wood read his charge, which was regarded as strongly favoring the defense.

It was also freely predicted that in the event of Haywood's acquittal the state would abandon the prosecution of his associates, Charles H. Moyer, president of the Federation, and Geo. Pettibone, of Denver.

Want Eight Dollars a Day.
Butte, Mont., July 25.—The local Plumbers' union struck for \$8 per day of eight hours. The men now receive \$7. Buildings to cost \$1,000,000 under construction are tied up.

Fifteen Injured.
Ashland, Neb., July 25.—A heavy windstorm struck a crowded Chatauqua ten, creating a panic and resulting in the more or less serious injury of 15 persons.

Mob Fought For Prisoner.
Chicago, July 25.—The assailant of three little girls, Joan F. Kaspericki, for whom the police have been hunting for several days, was captured and identified. A mob of 1,000 tried to take him from the police and lynch him, but the officers landed prisoner in jail.

Haul's Father Stricken.
Karlshaus, July 25.—The father of Karl Haul, who has been sentenced to death for the murder of his wife's mother, Frau Haul, suffered a stroke of apoplexy and lies in a critical condition.

"RIPPER" AT LARGE

IN BERLIN, AND HE PICKS LITTLE GIRLS FOR VICTIMS.

LURES CHILDREN FROM HOME

Then Stabs Them With a Sharp Instrument—One of the Three Totals Assaulted Is Dead.

Berlin, July 27.—A series of cold-blooded crimes, singularly resembling the "Jack the Ripper" murders, but for the fact that instead of women the victims were little girls, followed one another with remarkable celerity almost in the center of the city, and aroused indignation and excitement.

Within a short space of time the assassin successively enticed three girl babies, the oldest 5 years of age, into doorways of houses and stabbed them several times in the abdomen with a sharp instrument. As a result one of the children is dead, another dying and the third is dangerously wounded.

The first knowledge that the crimes had been committed came when an occupant of the house at the corner of Ryke and Heford streets found the body of Margaritha Prawitz, aged 4, lying in the doorway, bathed in blood, the bowels protruding and the lower part of the body horribly gashed. This was immediately reported to the police, who were about to investigate the case, when reports came that Martha Leucase, aged 3, and Elly Knipfel, 5 years old, have been found similarly outraged, but still alive, in Prenslauer allee and Hensendorfer street, respectively.

Rumors soon spread throughout the vicinity which magnified the number of victims and the inhabitants of the neighborhood became intensely excited. Mothers sought their children in the streets and made them return indoors in fear that they might meet a similar fate. Crowds gathered about the police station shouting vengeance against the murderer.

In the meantime the two victims who still lived were transported to a hospital. Their condition is extremely precarious. They are not expected to survive the night.

The officials acted quickly in an endeavor to locate the murderer and published an offer of a reward of \$1,000 for his capture.

Shortly after the crimes were committed a slip of paper with a death head sketched on it was found on a public seat in the square near the scene. On it was inscribed in a rambling hand: "Away, in five minutes there will be another corpse. There is a child murderer in the neighborhood. Deliver this note to the police. I have killed children in Hefort, Prenslauer and Hensendorfer streets."

The note was attached to the seat by means of a sharp single scissors blade and it is assumed that the crimes were committed with the other half of the instrument.

Experts who have examined the note found on the seat have come to the conclusion that it was written by a madman.

BLACK CAP WAS READY
For Negro When He Denounced a Spectator as the Murderer.

Montgomery, Ala., July 27.—In the presence of a large crowd Colvin Coleman, a negro, while on the scaffold to pay the penalty for the murder of J. A. Finley, a white man, accused W. R. Fisher, a saloonkeeper, of having committed the crime.

"W. R. Fisher and a negro named Billie killed Mr. Finley," declared Coleman, just before the black cap was placed over his head, "and I helped to place his body in a carriage. Some day you will find out the truth and will then know I am not guilty."

Fisher was looking at Coleman at the time, but did not create a scene. "I am able to prove an alibi," declared Mr. Fisher, "and I did so when the officers investigated the case at the time of the murder. There is not a man who is not convinced of my innocence."

May Cause His Son's Death.
Kewanee, Ill., July 27.—Strychnine placed by a father in a whisky bottle, from which liquor was mysteriously disappearing, may cause the death of William Maloney, a young farmer, son of the man who poisoned the whisky. The elder Maloney has been arrested pending the outcome of his son's illness, and may be confronted with a manslaughter charge if the young man dies.

Mrs. Leslie Sentenced.
London, July 27.—Mrs. Josephine Leslie was found guilty in the Old Bailey on the charge of defrauding members of well-known families and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. It was her custom to represent herself as a friend of J. Pierpont Morgan and declare that he guided her investments.

Is Wanted in Texas.
Richmond, Va., July 27.—Archibald Cunningham, alias John Lee, alias Frank Hayes, charged with stealing a ring from a woman, was identified by the Richmond detectives as a man who is wanted by the authorities of Dallas, Tex., for grand larceny.

Educator Shot.
Oshkosh, Wis., July 27.—President Richard H. Halsey, of the Oshkosh normal school, and well known in educational circles throughout the country, was accidentally shot and killed at George Lake, Wis.

14 DIE IN TENEMENT HOUSE BLAZE

EXPLOSION FOLLOWED BY FIRE CATCHES OCCUPANTS.

Front of the Building Blown Out—Will Be Impossible To Recover Bodies Until Ashes Have Cooled.

New York, July 29.—An explosion accompanied by fire, shattered an East Side tenement and with the crumbling walls 14 people went down to death while twice as many were probably fatally injured.

The horror was a repetition of the periodical blaze that sweeps through the densely populated foreign section of city and is almost invariably attended with panic and death. The wrecked building was at 222 Christie street, where a six-story tenement rose above the grocery store basement.

An explosion, as yet unaccounted for, tore out the front of the building, and the fire that followed caught the 20 families, numbering about 100 persons, while most of them were asleep.

Not until the ashes have cooled will it be possible to recover the bones of the dead.

Of the injured many jumped from the windows, others were caught by falling timbers, many half suffocated by smoke were dragged from the hallways, while others received their wounds during the panic and mad fight among each other for an exit.

The tenement was occupied chiefly by Italians. A passerby was attracted to the explosion, which apparently occurred on the basement floor. As he turned toward the building the whole front, with its flimsy fire escapes, fell into the street and from the sagging floors a score of half awake people dropped into the street. Many of these were badly hurt, but they proved to be the more fortunate of the tenants for in another instant the building was wrapped in flames and the cries of persons hurrying to death rent the air.

In the wild panic that followed many received mortal injuries. Several who sought escape by a rear stairway were driven back by choking smoke. Some of these made their way through the fire to other exits, but more fell overcome in the hallways, to be dragged out insensible by the police and firemen.

Of the dead and dying a large part are women and children.

FIRE VISITS CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.
Four Blocks in Amusement Zone Completely Destroyed.

New York, July 29.—Coney Island, the playground of New York millions, was visited by a disastrous fire and seven blocks in the amusement zone were completely destroyed.

Tillyou's steeplechase park and nearly a score of small hotels were wiped out, and for a time the flames threatened destruction to Luna park and Dreamland, great homes of summer amusement.

A lucky shift of the wind to seaward aided the firemen and probably saved the whole picturesque area, but not until \$1,000,000 damage had been done.

Three persons were injured, one of them, Gottfried Messerli, a fireman, probably fatally.

Arrested on Larceny Charge.
El Paso, Tex., July 29.—C. G. Lelievre, publisher of the Industrial, an alleged revolutionary periodical, and his son were arrested at Douglas, Ariz., upon a charge of larceny preferred by the Mexican government. Lelievre declares that he is guilty of no wrong and that the charge is trumped up by Mexican Consul Maza, who figured in the abduction of Sarabia, and who was severely criticised by Lelievre. Lelievre and his son were taken to Noco and jailed.

Long Bandit Holds Up Two Stages.
Ukiah, Cal., July 29.—The stage leaving this city for Victor Springs was held up by a lone bandit and 13 passengers were lined up along side of the conveyance and robbed of their valuables. A few minutes later a second stage from Ukiah came into view and the robber proceeded to line its ten passengers with the occupants of the first stage.

Mysterious Shot Kills Soldier.
Calumet, Mich., July 29.—Chalmers Luckkola, a private in the company from Houghton, was shot and killed just as the three militia companies were about to start a sham battle. The bullet, it is said, came from without the ranks, and it is believed that a deliberate attempt was made to kill one of the soldiers.

Killed in Elevator Shaft.
St. Louis, July 29.—The breaking of a cable plunged an elevator down five stories in the Ely & Walker Dry Goods Co. building, killing John Ward and badly injuring Paul J. Grote.

Their Prayers Answered.
Joplin, Mo., July 29.—The pastors in the various churches Sunday morning offered prayers for rain to dispel the drought. Three hours later a heavy downpour began.

Pardon Refused By Young Girl.
Atlanta, Ga., July 29.—Because of her devotion to a woman who had been as a mother to her, Cornelia Rake, a pretty 17-year-old girl, refused a pardon that would free her from a Georgia chain gang, unless aged Mrs. Reynolds was also freed.

Killed Three; Injured Four.
Brookton, Mass., July 29.—A special train ran into the rear of a freight train on the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad and plowed its way through the cabooses and four freight cars, killing three and injuring four.

STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

TEST WILL BE MADE

Of the Right of Judge Moody to Dismiss the Hargis Case.

Lexington, Ky.—County Judge S. S. Taulbee, of Jackson, while here, said that Attorney B. R. Jonett, of Winchester, who has been associated with Attorney A. Floyd Hyrd in the prosecution of Judge James Hargis, told him that the dismissal of Judge Hargis at Sandy Hook would be tested in the court of appeals. An exception to the ruling of Judge W. B. Mosely was taken, as Jonett is of the opinion that the case should have been suspended instead of being dismissed. Jonett, Judge Taulbee says, has found two supreme court decisions that support his contention. He added, however, that "It was no use to try the Hargises anywhere as long as Gov. Beckham appointed the judges."

O'CONNOR'S FIST

Caught Godfrey on the Nose For Slurring the Irish.

Louisville, Ky.—Defense of the Irish for an alleged insult offered by a German resulted in a warrant being sworn out against Magistrate Edward O'Connor, charging him with assault and battery on J. H. Godfrey.

According to Godfrey he called at O'Connor's office with some garbages papers that had been incorrectly drawn, and after having them corrected he remarked that it was characteristic of an Irishman to make mistakes, and just at the moment O'Connor's fist caught him on the nose and sent him to the floor for the count. Magistrate O'Connor said he took Godfrey's remark as a personal insult.

COAT AND HAT

Pierced By Bullets, But the Officer Got Alleged Moonshiners.

Louisville, Ky.—Jesse Skaggs, an alleged moonshiner of Larue county, was lodged in jail here by United States Deputy Marshal Jeff Cundiff, who succeeded in capturing him after a desperate hand-to-hand battle in the cliffs of Larue county. During the two days' search for Skaggs Deputy Cundiff was fired upon several times from ambush, and returned to Louisville with two bullet holes through his coat and one in the rim of his hat as evidence of the marksmanship of the would-be assassins. Skaggs was held to the grand jury by Commissioner Broderick at Lebanon, and in default of \$500 was remanded to the Louisville jail.

Noted Author Is Dead.

Henderson, Ky.—Dr. Archibald Dixon, of this city, received a telegram stating that Mrs. Susan Bullitt Dixon, the second wife of the late Gov. Archibald Dixon, died in New York city. Mrs. Dixon was the daughter of William C. Bullitt, of Jefferson county, Kentucky. She was the author of the "Missouri Compromise," which treats of the part taken by her husband in that great legislative event.

Jabbed With Umbrella.

Henderson, Ky.—Frank Kuhn, a race horse man from Nashville, Tenn., and Clarence Willingham, a barber, of this city, engaged in a fight here, and the former punched the latter in the eye with an umbrella. Willingham is unconscious and in a critical condition. Kuhn was arrested. He claims self-defense.

A Clash in Sight.

Barbourville, Ky.—The strike situation at the Warren plant of the Matthews Coal Co. reached an acute stage with the arrival of the non-union miners, who will be put to work. Acting on reports of threats against the management by the strikers, many peace warrants are being issued here for service.

Blew Down the Tent.

Lebanon, Ky.—During a heavy rainstorm the wind blew down the large auditorium tent on the grounds of the Central Kentucky Chautauqua association. Father E. P. Graham, of Sandusky, O., was delivering a lecture at the time. Some 1,200 or 1,500 people under the canvas at the time escaped serious injury.

Stanley to Talk.

Lexington, Ky.—Congressman A. O. Stanley, of Henderson, has accepted an invitation from the Scott County Fair association to deliver an address to the tobacco growers of Central Kentucky on the first day of the fair, August 6. The first day of the fair has been designated Burley Tobacco day.

Detained Against Her Will.

Vanceburg, Ky.—Dr. J. F. Burchett, coroner of Lewis county, was arrested for detaining Mrs. Kweyer, a married woman, against her wish. He was tried before County Judge Leo and held under bail to await the action of the grand jury. He is a prominent physician.

During the Eclipse.

Lexington, Ky.—During a heavy electrical storm, while the moon was in eclipse, lightning struck an interurban car near here on the Versailles line. Passengers were panic-stricken and shocked, but none seriously injured.

Youth Killed Himself.

Harrodsburg, Ky.—Charles Robinson, 18, committed suicide by shooting himself while out driving with Miss Gertrude Sagraah, 14. The couple were to have been married in two weeks. The ball penetrated the lung.

Leavea Fifteen Children.

Pomeroytown, Ky.—Shelton Trimble, aged eighty-seven years, died at his home near here from blood poisoning, which resulted from cutting his foot. He leaves a wife and 15 children.

DIES OF PARALYSIS.

Col. Will S. Hays, Veteran Poet and Song Writer, Passes Away.

Louisville, Ky.—Col. Will S. Hays, 76, the veteran river editor of the Courier-Journal, song writer and poet, died at his home here of vertigo caused by a stroke of paralysis suffered in the Iroquois theater fire in Chicago.

Col. Hays had always claimed the authorship of the original words of "Dixie" and that he was responsible for the arrangement of the music.

His version of "Dixie" was written at the outbreak of the civil war, but the words were considered so scottish that the writer was arrested and compelled to change them.

By that time, it is said, Dan Emmett, the minstrel, had written his song and his publisher had it copyrighted.

Col. Hays' most famous song was "Molly Darling," the sales of which reached two million copies in Europe and America.

Among his other songs were "Keep in de Middle of de Road," "The Old Log Cabin in the Lane" and "Signal Bells at Sea."

BOY STONED TO DEATH.

Youthful Play While in Swimming Changed to Shocking Tragedy.

Harlan, Ky.—Stoned to death as if punished by the mode of execution used hundreds of years ago, was the horrible fate that befell Joseph Turner, 11, son of Justice Samuel Turner, of Williams Creek, this county.

The lad, with a number of his companions, were swimming in the Cumberland river and began throwing sand at one another. They became angry and changed from sand to stones. A crowd of boys led by Thomas Simpson, 13, picked out young Turner and began stoning him until he was mashed almost literally to pieces. He was carried home barely breathing and died. Intense excitement followed.

It is understood that a number of men witnessed the execution of the lad and did not stop the fight. Arrests and lynchings are likely to follow.

NEARLY DECAPITATED

Was the Husband, and Wife Was Killed By Falling Down Stairs.

Lexington, Ky.—like Fretwell, of Paris, is being overwhelmed with troubles. During a fight with Newton Allen, Fretwell was almost decapitated, and, while slowly recovering from his wounds in the hospital here, he was notified that his wife, Lizette Fretwell, had fallen down the steps at her home and been killed. He is being watched to prevent his committing suicide.

Showered With Bullets.

Hopkinsville, Ky.—Night riders numbering about 100 surrounded the residence of Stephen P. Mosely, a prominent Trigg county farmer, near Roaring Springs, and riddled the house with pistol and gun volleys. Mosely was shot in the face, ear and hands with duck shot. Mrs. Mosely's right eye was pierced by fragments of wire screen shot out of the door of her bedroom.

Guardmen Vaccinated.

Barbourville, Ky.—The second regiment, Kentucky State Guard, returned from the encampment at Jamestown. Intense excitement was occasioned by the discovery of a smallpox case on the special, a member of the Whitesburg company having the disease. Members of the board of health met Company B, of this city, and ordered all the clothing destroyed. All members are being vaccinated.

Watchful Dog Seized Burglar.

Louisville, Ky.—A fox terrier belonging to Joseph E. Kerbel, residing at 404 East Chestnut street, captured a negro burglar and turned him over to the police. Just as the intruder forced open a window, the dog seized him by the arm and caused the negro to give the alarm by crying out. The dog did not release his grasp until the arrival of Patrolman Nash.

Champion Shot Expires.

Louisville, Ky.—George A. Jones, champion revolver shot of Kentucky, died at his home here from injuries received in a peculiar manner. In climbing up the side of a small ravine, Jones was being assisted by a friend, when the latter lost his footing and slid down the embankment, striking Jones in the abdomen with his knee, causing a perforation of the bowels.

Arrested For Embezzlement.

Louisville, Ky.—William J. Semonin, retiring county clerk, was arrested on a charge of embezzlement, it being alleged that he is short in his accounts as clerk of Jefferson county in a sum approximating from \$45,000 to \$50,000. The arrest was made at the instance of Mayor Blagham and caused a great sensation.

Victim of Lightning.

Elizabethtown, Ky.—Roy Tabb, a young farmer living near this city, was struck by lightning while standing by a telephone box at his home. He was knocked senseless, and is paralyzed from his hips down. His life is despaired of.

Leavea Fifteen Children.

Pomeroytown, Ky.—Shelton Trimble, aged eighty-seven years, died at his home near here from blood poisoning, which resulted from cutting his foot. He leaves a wife and 15 children.

